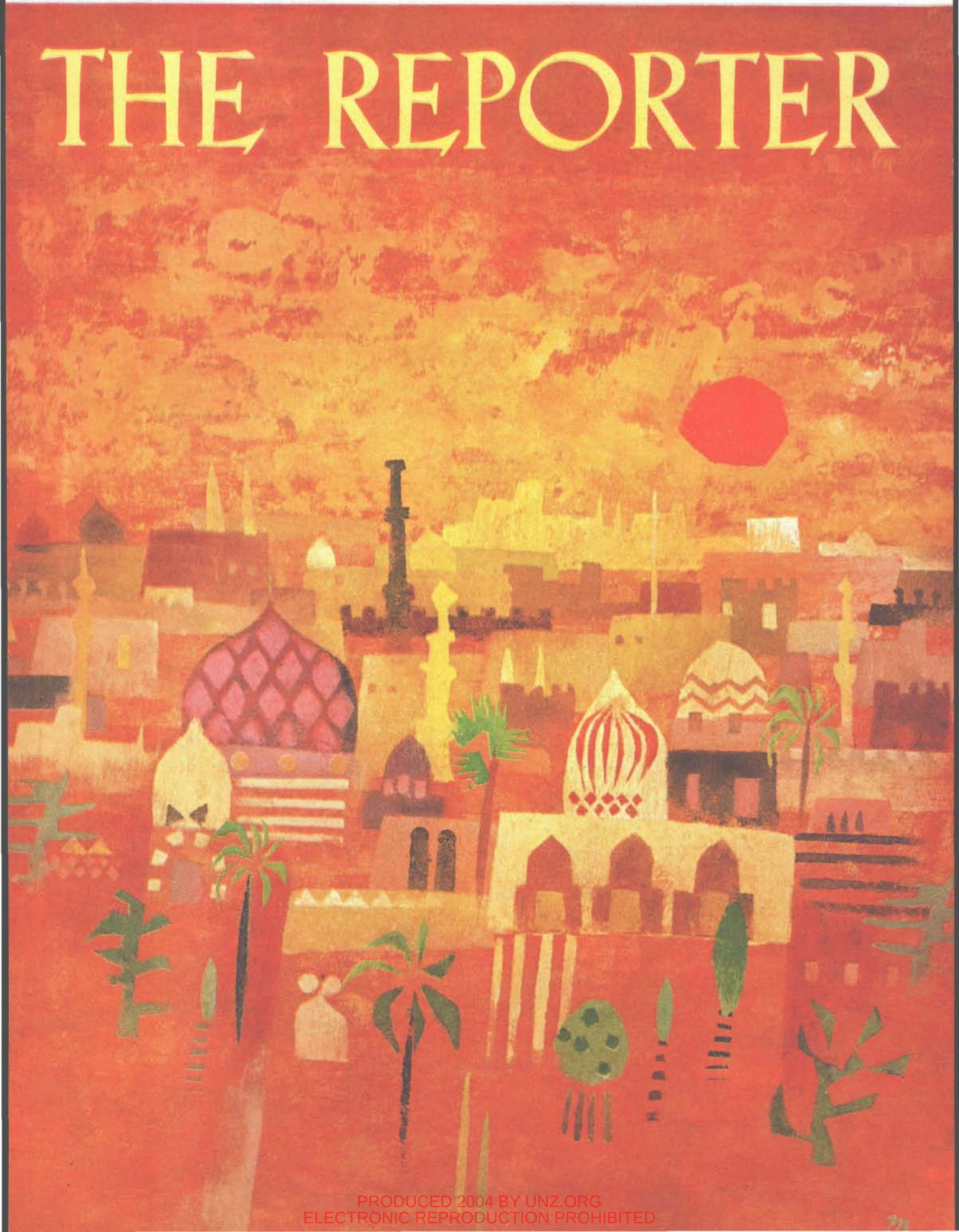
Troubled Oil in the Middle East

DDC January 23, 1958 25¢

EARLY ODDS ON THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES

THE REPORTER



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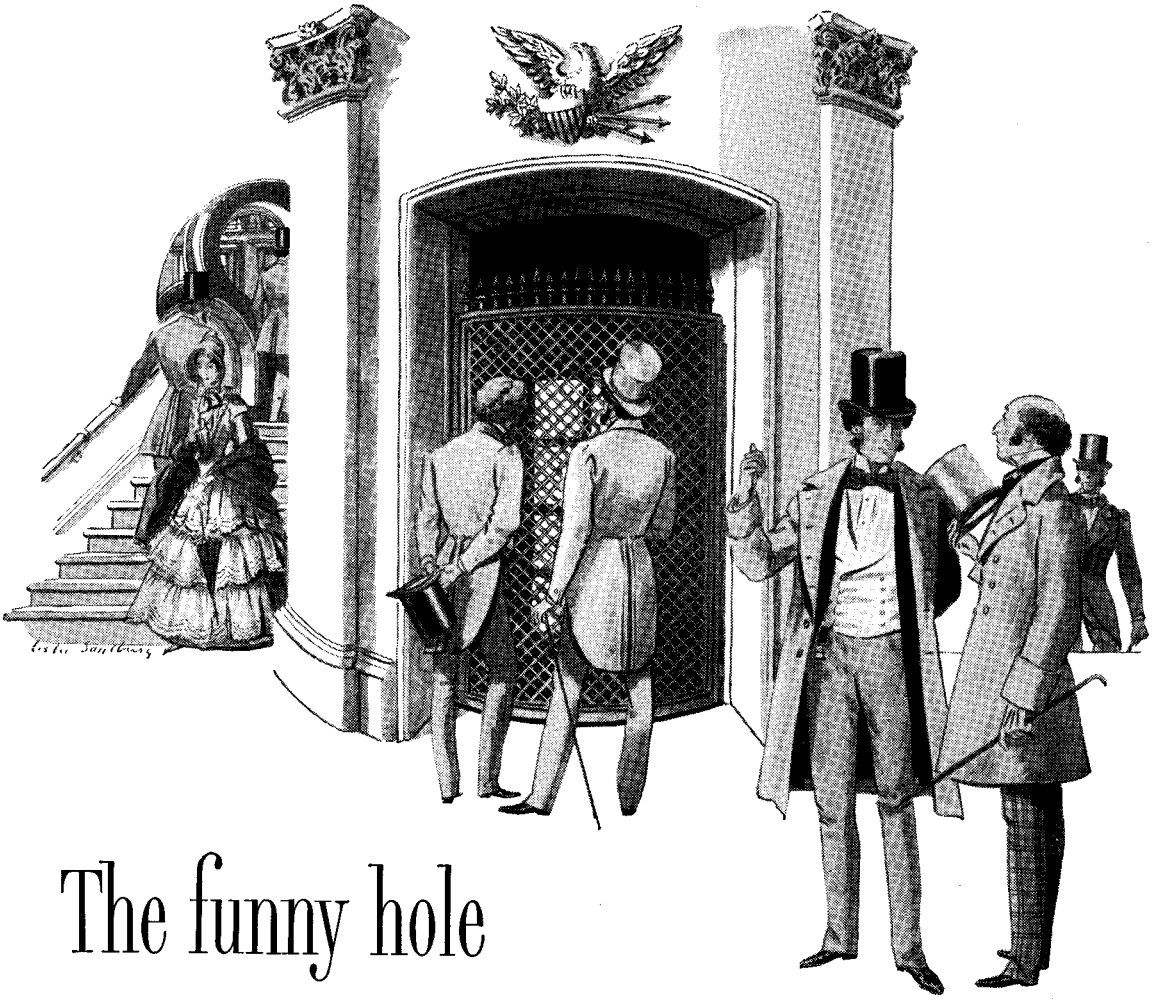
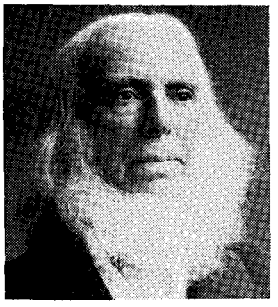


The funny hole in Mr. Cooper's building



MANY a New Yorker shook his head, and not a few snickered, when they saw the "hole" in Peter Cooper's new building.

But to the benign gentleman with the ruff of graying whiskers it was all so simple: Some day someone would perfect the passenger elevator.

The mere fact that there wasn't one in 1853 would mean little to a man who, with his own hands, had built and driven the first American locomotive. Whose money, and faith, were to help see the Atlantic Cable through all its disasters to final success. And who would "scheme out" a Panama Canal plan fourteen years before DeLesseps.

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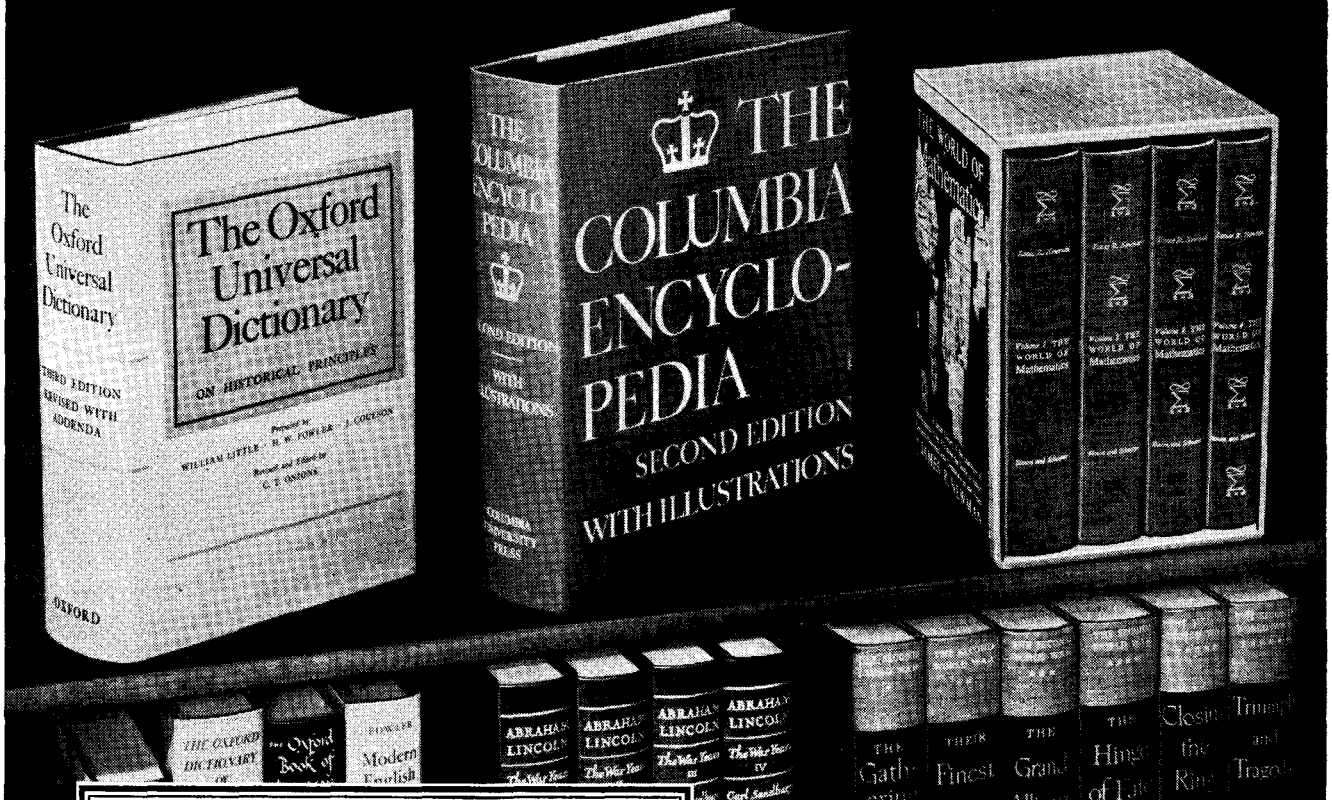

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

DDT Is Not Enough

Is there among us any psychologist or poet skillful enough to record, for all time to come, the relationship we the people have with our President? We were thinking of this while watching the recital of the State of the Union Message on our TV screen. Most of our attention was riveted on the President's looks, the steadiness of his hands, and the fluency of his delivery. All of us have become diagnosticians and remedial-speech experts. During the first few bars of the National Anthem there must have been a sigh of relief all over the nation as well as in the House chamber: he had made it.

But reading the speech was something else again. We learned that the U.S. defense situation is not too brilliant, but it surely will be improved by a great national effort, unmarred by extra taxes. There is something wrong with our educational system, and the government will do something about that, too. But above all, it's up to Johnny himself to learn how to read.

The Soviets are "waging total cold war," and our answer is to "wage total peace." How? On this point the President was specific. We invite the Russians to join us in waging total war on the anopheles, the malaria-producing mosquito. As a matter of fact, there are a few other ominous things buzzing in the air these days; but the idea is to proceed, one step at a time, from a tiny enemy of mankind to a larger one. Moreover, in the fight against anopheles there can be little doubt of the Russians' good faith.

BUT WHAT about some other fields of science? What about, for instance, inviting the Russians to pool scientific and technological discoveries, including those in the field of weapons? Couldn't our weaponeers together with the Russians formally recognize what they know already: they have overreached their goal?

The idea of negotiations with the Russians is still distasteful to the administration. Yet the President had just returned from an interallied summit meeting in Paris, where he was told by the allied leaders that negotiations with the Russians are imperative at all possible levels, from the summit to the basement. Since then, Macmillan has suggested a European nonaggression pact. A similar proposal was made back in the summer of 1953 by Chancellor Adenauer, who in a letter to John Foster Dulles advanced the idea of negotiations with the Russians over a reduction of armaments in Europe and a mutual security pact. Somehow, Dulles never got that letter. But now the allies have become more insistent, and it is unlikely that their messages to Washington will get lost again.

Actually, we don't think there is anything inherently wrong with summit meetings. What's wrong is the lack of follow-up. There was no follow-up on our part after Geneva. From the way the President spoke to the nation, there doesn't seem to be much of a follow-up after Paris—at least not on our part.

On several occasions during the last few years the shaping of our foreign policy has been taken over by an allied leader. We are waiting for the next move from our Acting Secretary of State, Konrad Adenauer.

Master Tactician

A shift in the tactics of Senator Lyndon Johnson occurred at the Democratic caucus on the opening day of the second session of the Eighty-fifth Congress. Previously, Johnson had always chosen to achieve his ends unobtrusively with a whispered word, a signal known only to the initiates, catering to individual crotchets, and, if absolutely necessary, a sharp kick in the shins under the table. All the public ever knew of Johnson was that he somehow always carried off the prize.

But at the Democratic caucus it was a case of open politics openly arrived at. The performance almost seemed to be a continuation of the "Lyndon Johnson Appreciation Day" celebrations he had been attending here and there in Texas since Congress adjourned in August.

THE CHANGE in tactics began with an unusual release to the press or the full and formal statement Johnson had made in the Democratic caucus, setting forth his call for a program to make America the master of "outer space." He excluded from the discussion any subject that might distract attention from the rockets-and-missiles theme. (Challenged afterward by a member of the caucus to explain why he had not allowed for time to discuss the requirements of an educational program, he answered that that was Senator Lister Hill's preserve and he didn't want to encroach on it.) Finally, there was Johnson's arrangement to have Senator Leverett Saltonstall, the ranking Republican on the Preparedness subcommittee, echo Johnson's own position in an appearance before a Republican caucus.

It must be remembered that in the first years of Johnson's leadership in the Senate he enjoyed an official margin of only one or two Democratic votes. If he was to secure the enactment of any measure at all, he could do so only if Democratic defectors were offset by a few votes from the Republican side of the aisle. The chances of winning over Republicans would be decreased if he identified a measure too sharply as a Democratic "must."

Since August of 1957, however, the Democratic majority in the Senate has been increased to four. At

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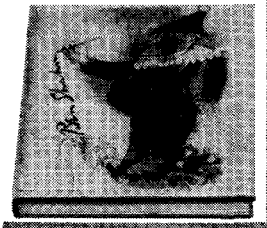

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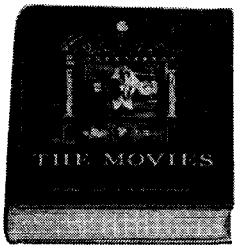

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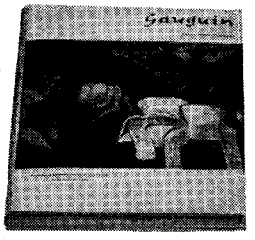

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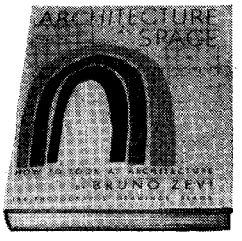

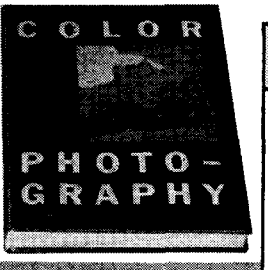

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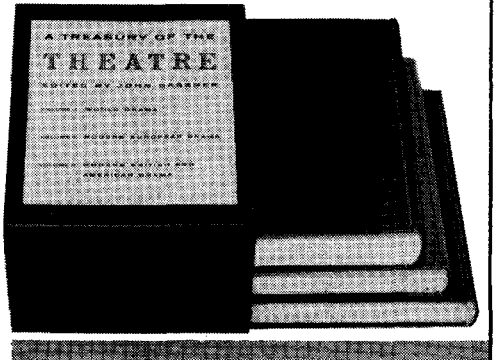

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the same time, a certain amount of demoralization has set in among Republicans. In the circumstances, Johnson must feel freer than he was to play from strength—Democratic strength.

We must also be aware that Johnson has long wanted to get rid of the Southern sectional stigma and to stand forth as a leader with a national constituency. This is not necessarily to say that Johnson thinks he can become President, but unquestionably he wants to be in a position to pick the next Democratic Presidential candidate.

Johnson seemed at long last to have achieved his object of becoming a national leader last August, when he secured the enactment of the civil-rights bill without a serious split among the Democratic senators. But this tour de force was quickly undone by the Little Rock crisis.

The recent crisis over rockets and missiles has given him a chance to rebuild his national reputation. Aid to education, foreign aid, and trade policy are still tough and divisive issues. But rockets and missiles and the conquest of outer space? It is like home and mother.

Finally, few would deny that Senator Johnson is genuinely concerned about the future of the country. He is equally concerned about the disintegration of the Eisenhower Presidency. In times past, the senator has confided to friends that the President will sign anything put on his desk. But he has also added that the President is a stubborn man who gets his back up whenever he thinks he is being challenged to partisan battle. Johnson therefore sees his own task to be that of creating a political climate in which the President, seemingly of his own volition, will do what is required of him.

The Abominable Space Man

If the Russians didn't really shoot a man into outer space, they did shoot him into some of the best outer space available in the American press. The New York *Herald Tribune* gave the story a five-column front-page head, along with a diagram showing the progress of the rocket, the descent of the parachute, and the bailing out of the daring comrade. The New York *Post* devoted its entire front page to the simple but awesome headline "SPACE MAN." And even the Washington *Post and Times Herald* made it the lead story of the day.

Congressmen rushed into print, mostly to say that they were not surprised. Senator Lyndon Johnson remarked that, if true, the incident "emphatically underscores the information already collected" by his Preparedness subcommittee, "that we have and can no longer ever afford to underestimate Soviet efforts." Senator Estes Kefauver felt that "if any doubt remains as to where we are, this should clear it away." And Senator Ralph Flanders talked about getting one of our own men up there in the near future.

The story's origin in a fictitious Moscow radio show inevitably evokes memories of the Orson Welles broadcast of twenty years ago. In the circumstances, it was hardly surprising that, as Reuters reported, the incident "drew chuckles from pleased Soviet officials . . ."

The Vulnerable Customer

Last spring the Federal Reserve Board released a monumental six-volume study concluding that it was impossible to reach any definite conclusion about the effect of rising consumer indebtedness on the economy.

But some of the facts presented in the report can raise a sizable number of goose pimples today. In early 1956, when these data were assembled, the average consumer held liquid assets (other than cash in his pocket) of only $310. Even this modest level of liquid assets was reached only by families having at least a $5,000 income. At the same time, the typical family with a $4,000-$5,000 yearly income was carrying an installment debt of $440. Only in families earning more than $5,000 a year did liquid assets begin to exceed installment indebtedness. The story suggests a remarkable reliance on job security and steady income, combined with a load of fixed obligations that leave little room for holding liquid assets.

And then there is the question of personal loans. In the first nine months of 1957, this category of consumer debt has grown more rapidly than any other form: from less than $7.2 billion in January to more than $7.9 billion in September, or ten per cent.

If the consumer should face even a brief income drought which he cannot supplement with sufficient unemployment insurance and similar payments, his liquid assets will quickly be drained and he will be forced either to dispose of nonliquid assets or to assume further indebtedness. The present moment is favorable to neither step. Further curtailment of his current consumption, on the other hand, will aggravate the general downturn. But the choice may not be his.

We Do Not Choose To Run

Macy's is running a "We Love New York" contest that offers, according to the full-page newspaper ad we have before us, "100 prizes . . . and Togetherness, too." Tell the department store "why your family loves New York in 25 words or less . . . and you can win one of our 100 wonderful prizes." The 101st prize, it seems, is a treasure that costs Macy's nothing to give but whose value is precious beyond price: "It's the spirit of Togetherness . . ."

As a matter of fact, what we like about New York is its incredible Apartness. Here in five crowded boroughs, inhabited by nearly eight million people, most of whom we find both interesting and likable and a few of whom are our dear friends, we can take human beings pretty much on our own terms, without all that promiscuous neighborliness which always makes us long for the quiet and peace of Manhattan whenever we spend a weekend in suburbia. Even the minister of our church is discreet enough to telephone before he makes his pastoral visits.

CALLASTHENICS

"Callas, go home!"
They shouted in Rome.
"Rome is uncouth!"
Screamed Elsa, forsooth.
Twixt muttering mobs
and abNorma-lish sobs,
The racket's red glare
Burst high in the air,
Each donna being prima,
And off-a the beam-a.

—SEC

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GALILEO AND OPPENHEIMER

To the Editor: I was very much interested in Giorgio de Santillana's article, "Galileo and J. Robert Oppenheimer" (*The Reporter*, December 26, 1957). It was quickening to the imagination and well and entertainingly written. Whatever quarrel I have with the article stems from the research material—this cannot be charged to Mr. de Santillana.

His source of information on the Oppenheimer inquiry doubtless was the official report which the AEC released to the public. Mr. de Santillana may have noted a series of omission symbols throughout the text of my testimony. He may justly have assumed that certain deletions had been made in the interest of secrecy. Actually my testimony was extensively edited prior to publication, and such large blocks deleted as to leave the remainder "out of context" in several important areas.

I protested to Mr. Strauss on two counts: (1) I had been assured that the inquiry was private—and was urged to speak freely and fully; (2) the extensive editing of my testimony had been done without my knowledge or consent. I received a courteous and reassuring reply, no more!

From the start, the Gray Committee appeared to be attempting to develop my opinion as to whether or not an individual could be a loyal citizen and still be a risk to his country. Of course, history is filled with instances in which loyal men have persuaded their fellows to adopt courses of action which in the end proved disastrous. In such circumstances, the more respected and eloquent the individual, the more hazard he may bring to the nation—*if he is wrong!* In matters of judgment only time will provide the proof. In 1951 I believed Dr. Oppenheimer's military judgment to be tragically wrong.

Dr. Oppenheimer held views on national military strategy which I, a professional military man, simply could not accept. (In all fairness I must say that there were many on each side of the debate.) These views were matters of military judgment having nothing to do either with science or loyalty, but having a great deal to do with national security.

The first concerned the development of the H-bomb. In the period of 1947-1951 the United States had a virtual world monopoly on the A-bomb and the means for its delivery. I believed then, as I do now, in Churchill's statement to the effect that the possession of the A-bomb by a peace-loving United States was the greatest deterrent to war. But anyone, even then, could see that our advantage was temporary. It was inevitable that a day would come when Russia would have enough of these weapons to reduce greatly, if not neutralize, our great deterrent to war. And what was equally serious was the possibility that Russia might produce the H-bomb before we did. There were eminent scientists who warned us that there were possibly short-cuts to the development of a fusion bomb and that the Russians might come upon one of them. An H-bomb monopoly in the hands of an aggressive Stalinist Russia might easily have reversed the position of the United States in international affairs. It seemed to me essential that we pursue the H-bomb development with the utmost diligence. Dr. Oppenheimer, for reasons which he expressed so well, did not share the sense of urgency.

The second area of military judgment was concerned with the "big bomb" (atomic) versus the tactical weapon. During the period in question we did not enjoy the "atomic plenty" which came in later years. It was necessary to make a choice as to how best to make use of our limited supply of fissionable material. One factor to consider was that one small-sized weapon of limited power required the same amount of material as several large weapons of relatively great force. Thus simple economy made me a "big bomb" man.

A second consideration was the employment of weapons. With the example of World Wars I and II before us I believed that it was perilous to assume that future major wars could be confined to limited areas. "Get war back to the battlefield" struck me as a dangerous, if attractive, catch phrase. To deliberately design our weapons for that purpose seemed to me to permit an opponent to strike at our armed forces, industry, government, and population while we ourselves were restricted by weapon design to engagement with his field forces.

Big bombs not only offered a greater number of weapons, and more powerful weapons, but broadened our strategy to include deterrence of war and strategic attack as well as tactical employment. To limit our weapons to tactical design was to surrender our strategic initiative. Later, when fissionable material became more plentiful, I became a proponent of both large and small weapons in our arsenal.

The third area of disagreement concerned defensive posture. The simile of the heavyweight with a glass jaw has been cited by Mr. de Santillana. A balance between offense and defense is the essence of military employment. The fallacy of the scheme endorsed by Dr. Oppenheimer and many others was that at that time it would have produced an imbalance in favor of defense so great as to rob us of an effective striking force. Without the latter we would perforce have returned to isolation, and might have watched, impotent, while our allies succumbed and our world intercourse dwindled away.

The stated military objectives of the U.S. in those days were (1) to maintain the peace by providing sufficient strength to deter war while our statesmen endeavored to achieve some sort of modus vivendi with the Communist Bloc, and (2) to insure the survival of the U.S. in the event war were thrust upon us.

In the light of the times and our military objectives, the pursuit of any of the above courses of action appeared to me to risk our national security.

From the above and from Mr. de Santillana's article, one might gather that I have been cast into an arena to fight it out with Dr. Oppenheimer. This is just not so. I associated with him frequently and sometimes closely during the years 1949-1951. I admired and respected him greatly. I never had any basis to doubt his loyalty. I thought him almost consistently in error in military judgments and said so. So did many others.

When I was summoned before the Gray Committee I had not seen Dr. Oppenheimer in three years. I was in fact en route from Alabama to command a tactical air force overseas. I had never been assigned to SAC (and still have not), nor had I any authority to speak for the Air Force.

Dr. Oppenheimer sat beside me during my entire appearance before the committee. I answered all questions as fully and as objectively as I could. I felt very deeply for Dr. Oppenheimer, who could not have been more unhappy than I was. And when my part in the tragic affair was over we parted with friendly words. I like to believe that we are still friends.

ROSCOE C. WILSON
Major General, USAF
Washington

To the Editor: Giorgio de Santillana's excellent article very well demonstrates the fact that official stupidity does not differ much from century to century. However, I cannot permit the pages of my favorite journal to be blemished by historical inaccuracy.

Mr. de Santillana's first paragraph leaves one with the impression that Galileo was "refused burial in hallowed ground." My historical references inform me that Galileo was buried in the Church of Santa Croce at Florence, where, I trust, he still enjoys a peace which was so absent from his days of life.

THE REVEREND JOSEPH E. KOCH
Director, Catholic Charities
Youngstown, Ohio

TOPOLSKI'S DRAWINGS

To the Editor: The two pages of Topolski drawings (*The Reporter*, December 26) are loaded with perception which is reflected—as it should be—in the drawings themselves: Khrushchev somewhat gross and vulgar yet alive; Nehru, with the truly civilized and sensitive upper face and the "difficult" mouth; Eisenhower, empty by comparison with Nehru, stiff in aplomb trying to look in control (see mouth). Incidentally, the layout is excellent and whoever did it deserves full marks. Note how the Pope's slight figure counts, rather than the black square it is imposed upon. My favorite *man* on this page is Winston Churchill. The drawing has the brandy in it and yet great love and respect for and knowledge about him.

But what is best about the whole spread is the drawing of Nixon, because of the photographer's trappings (like a jazz band) and the Nixon face. I liked the Queen and the Prince because of the rather cursory quality. Each drawing by its intrinsic character reveals the specific person more than the obvious "likeness." Please print more.

ROBERT OSBORN
Salisbury, Connecticut

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

WE do not think that anything that has happened anywhere in the world since the Korean invasion is as important as the Suez affair. Without Suez, the closing of ranks by the nations of Europe that was so apparent at the latest NATO conference would have been unthinkable. The nations of western Europe will never forget the oil famine that brought large sectors of their economies nearly to a halt.

Things would not be so bad if Middle Eastern oil didn't have the uncanny knack of getting itself discovered in the subsoil of countries that in themselves are already trouble spots. Certainly political complications of all kinds are likely to follow discoveries of any large oil deposits in a Middle Eastern nation. Essentially, the problem of oil can be reduced to a simple question: to whom does the oil belong? Quite a number of different parties have a right to draw some measure of benefit from it: the sovereign—and above all the people—of the land in which the oil is found, the foreign investors who make its extraction possible, and the ultimate consumer. The problem therefore is finally one of determining how to distribute the shares of ownership. Absolute property right over oil deposits is inconceivable, just as absolute control by Nasser, or by anyone else, over the Suez Canal is inconceivable. Unfortunately, international laws for the regulation of international public utilities do not exist. Yet some sort of workable practice must be devised that will guarantee a fair return for everyone concerned. **William Harlan Hale** has surveyed the oil situation in the Middle East. After talking with oilmen and other experts, he has reached a fairly startling conclusion. The Russians are always talking about the American oil cartel and America's oil diplomacy. Mr. Hale has come to believe that perhaps it would be much better if such a cartel existed and if the diplomacies of the major oil companies were rather better co-ordinated. As things are, the monopolistic interests of the Anglo-American oil companies are only a Moscow invention. The fact is, as shown in **Bushrod Howard, Jr.'s,** article, that lack of agreement on oil between us and our British allies is sometimes shocking. Mr. Howard is a lawyer and consultant in Washington. He has lived in the Middle East for several years, serving as a lawyer to the Iraq Petroleum Company and working in governmental and concessionary affairs for the Socony Mobil Oil Company.

IN THIS ISSUE, instead of writing an editorial, **Max Ascoli** comments on the recent lectures delivered over the British Broadcasting Corporation radio by George Kennan. They will be published in March by Harper.... **Chalmers M. Roberts,** on the staff of the Washington *Post and Times Herald,* takes a look at our diplomacy from a different angle and describes the latest gyrations of John Foster Dulles.... **David Demarest Lloyd,** executive director of the Harry S. Truman Library, surveys some men who can be said to qualify as Presidential timber.... **Christopher Hollis** was a Conservative member of Parliament from 1945 to 1955.... **John MacCormac,** who discusses the political situation in Austria, is a correspondent for the New York *Times.*

David Halberstam is on the staff of the Nashville *Tennessean.*... **Herbert Kupferberg** is record editor for the New York *Herald Tribune.*... **Stanley Kauffmann,** novelist and playwright, is a consulting editor of Ballantine Books.... **Lawrence Janofsky** is on the faculty at Stanford University.... **Harold R. Isaacs,** who returned from Little Rock with a number of strong personal opinions, teaches in the Center for International Studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology....

Perry Miller, professor of American literature at Harvard, is the author of *Errand into the Wilderness* (Belknap Press of Harvard University).

Our cover is by **Murray Turnbull.**

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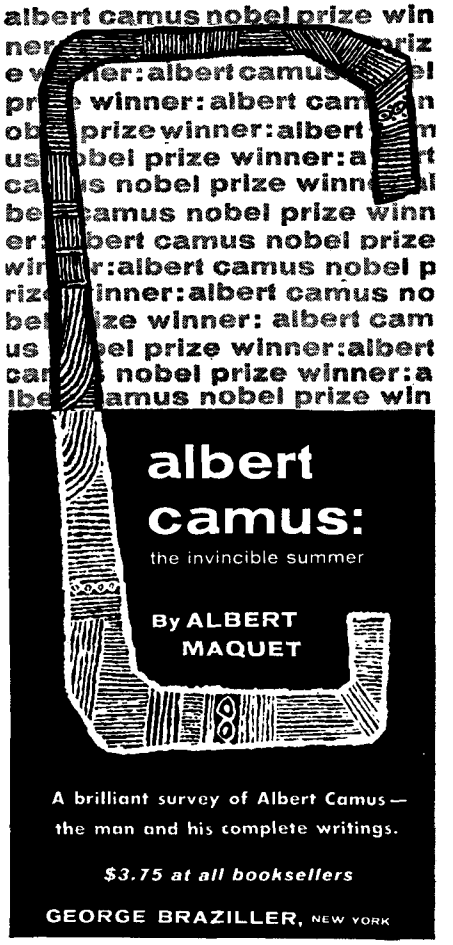
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Troubled Oil In the Middle East

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

When Gamal Nasser seized and blocked the Suez Canal more than a year ago, he created a sudden oil famine whose repercussions were felt from Narvik to central Texas and a lasting realization of the West's dependence on the riches of the Arabian Gulf.

During most of 1957, to be sure, there seemed little immediate cause for alarm about the supply of oil, once Nasser had magnanimously permitted western tankers to resume their traffic through his canal, and once the pipelines sabotaged by Syrian zealots had been substantially restored to service. Wells, refineries, tanker fleets again functioned at full capacity, bringing out of the Middle East some three and a half million barrels daily. By the end of the year, King Saud of Saudi Arabia had earned another $300 million or so in annual royalties on oil extracted by Americans from his desert domain. His closest rival, Sheik Abdullah al Salim al Sabah of neighboring Kuwait, had put away a comparable income from the flow pumped out by both Americans and British from his minuscule fief at the head of the Persian Gulf. Considering that western oil companies took in dollar for dollar as much as they paid the region's chieftains on a fifty-fifty-split basis, the year's total profits promised to exceed by a fair margin the $2 billion received all told by companies and chieftains together in troubled 1956. In fact, at year's end oil was in oversupply in most western countries, with tanker rates dropping and Middle Eastern oil imports depressing the American market.

Although the immediate fear of an oil famine has been dispelled, Middle Eastern oil is still a subject of considerable anxiety. Despite the ample flow of oil and profit from an area that holds possibly two-thirds of all the world's oil and that provides three-quarters of Europe's oil needs, new challenges are arising constantly that raise fundamental questions of ownership, sovereignty, human welfare, and continuity of supply.

By 1965, according to Walter J. Levy, one of America's foremost oil economists, the Middle East may have to provide "more than five million barrels daily toward the West's probable oil deficiency—as well as to provide the bulk of supplies for the rest of the Eastern Hemisphere." In other words, although we may find ourselves adequately taken care of at the moment, there is no question that as western industrial nations develop further they will find themselves even more dependent on Middle Eastern oil. (Hardly anyone expects the new-found deposits in the Sahara Desert to become a major offsetting source in the near future.) This awareness is not restricted to the West alone; it is fully known also to the kings and sheiks and newly awakened peoples of the Arab East, who are clamoring to make an even better thing for themselves of a bonanza that in no more than a decade or so has transformed their lands into some of the richest states on the face of the earth.

'Breaking the Line'

Late last fall, American and British oilmen—long the chief developers of the area—were disturbed to learn of a deal arrived at between the Saudi Arabian government and the Japanese Oil Trading Company, for the exploitation of offshore reserves on a basis that promised to "break the line" of traditional straight fifty-fifty deals. Existing arrangements, such as that between the Saudi government and the American-owned Arabian American Oil Company (Aramco), provide for an even split on profits earned from the sale of oil at shipside *in that country*—which in the case of Aramco means sale to its own American parent companies. Profits earned after that from overseas sale, or even from pipeline transportation across the deserts, are not included in the deal. Yet here were the Japanese, offering the Saudis not only a fifty-six per cent profit slice but applying it all the way across the board, including the retail sale of refined fuel at a filling station in Osaka or Kobe. Even more important, the Japanese interests agreed that a third of the directors as well as employees of the new venture should be Saudi Arabians, and that a committee made up equally of Arabian government representatives and of their own should be formed to check the company's costs and operations.

American oilmen heading operations in the Middle East are not a talkative group. In fact, when one considers all the resourcefulness and engineering skill they have shown in exploring, "bringing in," and developing the area, they seem to err on the side of reticence—as if there were something wrong about converting hard work and risk-taking into handsome profits. No official with whom I talked at the New York headquarters of Aramco on Park Avenue, or in those of two of its mighty parent companies, Standard Oil of New Jersey in Rockefeller Center and Socony Mobil Oil in its vast new tower on Forty-second Street, would permit himself to be quoted by name on what he thought of the new Saudi-Japanese deal—or,

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for that matter, any other deal. But it was obvious that all were startled and concerned. "It surrenders company sovereignty and control," said one. "It puts the Saudi government into business in a country quite outside its own jurisdiction," said another. "It's a sop to the host country in the interest of a cut-rate deal," said a third, "but it's not going to budge us."

BUDGING, however, is precisely what King Saud's own chief of petroleum resources, Sheik Abdulla Tariki, has been doing with considerable success for more than a year, in trying to raise the ante on oil concessions in his master's desert domain. Tariki, a brilliant oil geologist trained in Texas and still in his thirties, is also an ardent nationalist fired by the astounding rewards of American oil drilling in his king's wastes and keen on obtaining an even fatter share of reward for his country.

Ever since Mossadegh's efforts to seize Iranian oil wells from British concessionaires, the threat of expropriation has hung heavily over the huge western enterprises. Nasser's coup at Suez has done nothing to calm the fears. The mere threat of expropriation is something to bring results. Last year the Saudi Arabian government, not satisfied with the almost $300 million annual revenue it was receiving from its American concessionaires, demanded almost another $100 million in the form of taxes on profits earned through the American-owned pipeline system ("Tapline"), and it seemed to be on its way toward obtaining a settlement. Moreover, looking into the Americans' books, the Saudis forced Aramco to cease selling oil to its parent companies at a discount. Sheik Tariki said, "We want to see Aramco run from Saudi Arabia by Aramco itself"—meaning as a venture under close Saudi scrutiny, far removed from the parent headquarters back in New York.

Tariki also asked for a fifty per cent share of earnings on all pipeline transport leading out of his country. This raised an interesting legal point, since the pipelines, unlike oil under the ground, are not an Arabian natural resource, and in any case were built entirely with foreign capital.

The American owners of Aramco, meanwhile, have been trying to mend their fences in the Middle East by offering a package deal that would split pipeline earnings with *all* countries through which their lines pass, and asking the individual states to allot the proceeds among themselves. So far this proposal remains hanging in mid-air, since the states can't agree on how to divide the spoils. "Whether or not this was just what the American companies intended when they put up their plan," one oil expert told me, "at least they've shown by it that the unity of the Arab world is sometimes overrated."

Another unsettling attempt to "break the line" established by the big American enterprises occurred last year in Iran when an Italian state oil company, Enrico Mattei's AGIP Mineraria, offered the Iranians

all of seventy-five per cent participation in profits in case oil was brought in on the concession granted. The deal, an extremely complex one, provides, however, for no customary "bonus" payment simply for the right to prospect, and also requires the Iranians themselves to pay half the cost of operation until a discovery is made. Still, many western oilmen are shaking their heads over the implications.

The Jugular Vein

To add to the pressures building up on the major established western oil companies, Sheik Tariki has asserted that for any future pipelines, ownership as well as operation should be vested in the Arab governments themselves. For western ears he remarks shrewdly that once those governments themselves have an immediate responsibility for the lines, unpleasant affairs such as the recent cutting of the trans-Syrian arteries will be prevented. Yet western oilmen, whose past few years in the region have made them increasingly suspicious, are inclined to reply that what Tariki and his friends are really after is to get their hands on the valves and thus be able to determine how much oil goes out, when, to whom, and at what price.

Lebanon is a mere "transit" country—a have-not land in Middle Eastern terms—but last fall its delegation to the United Nations General Assembly presented a proposal drawn up by Emile Bustani, a member of the Lebanese parliament and a pipeline builder, under which five per cent of all joint oil profits would be turned over to an "Arab oil investment bank" that would help the have-nots as well as the haves. Again the finger was on western operators whose wells have enriched some countries but whose pipelines have failed to enrich others.

In November, Arab oilmen met in Baghdad to consider a scheme for financing future Middle Eastern pipelines with their own governments as the only stockholders, and there is shortly to be a further meeting on the subject in Cairo. Presumably it will consider the urgent point of how a have-not land is to finance the huge cost of a pipeline with very little money in the bank and even less stability to offer investors in its securities.

Who Gets the Profit?

No one doubts that for the investor who got in at the right time on the right oil field, the returns have been huge. (We tend to forget, of course, those who got in on the wrong field.) The question now is how long this division of the rewards of risk is to remain the same, with whom it will have to be split, and on what terms. It may be that oil-company profits may ultimately have to be reduced in order to achieve two fundamental needs—consistent supply to the West at a reasonable

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price and the strengthening of the whole Middle East economy. King Saud naturally wants to advance his own régime, while Standard Oil of New Jersey inevitably feels a prime responsibility to its own stockholders. Yet every decision that either King Saud or Jersey Standard takes has its effect increasingly and inevitably on the balance of international politics.

At this moment, thirty-six-gravity crude oil delivered to a tanker at a Persian Gulf port like Ras Tanura brings what is called a "posted price" of $2.08 a barrel. (Prices are "posted" by the various producers for various ports of the Gulf and arrived at without formal agreement, very much as the price for rolled steel at home is arrived at.) This $2.08 is what Aramco's parent companies (Standard of New Jersey, Socony Mobil, Standard Oil of California, and the Texas Company) pay at dockside to Aramco, which in turn pays King Saud half of what it earns. Figures on precisely how much Aramco takes in and what its costs are are never published, since as a wholly owned subsidiary Aramco is not required to issue financial statements. But while this reticence has added to the air of mystery surrounding our Middle Eastern oil empires, Aramco's actual gross earnings are not hard to discover. They are the same as what partner King Saud gets in annual tribute from the Americans—in short, about $300 million last year. On a total flow of some 360 million barrels of crude delivered to shipside, profits for 1957 have been estimated at more than $1.60 a barrel. In any case the total year's take for both sides involved in our Arabian concessions comes to about $600 million—a figure which closely approaches the total capital investment of $600-$650 million originally put into the venture by Aramco's four American sponsors, with nary a penny from King Saud.

PAUSE A MOMENT more over this question of money. Suppose a western buyer prefers not to pay the cost of sailing his tankers around into the Persian Gulf to pick up Aramco's crude at $2.08. He can pick it up nearer home at the Lebanese port of Sidon on the Mediterranean, where he pays a "posted price" of $2.59 for it. The "differential" of fifty-one cents represents the Tapline charge for running that oil overland to the nearer outlet. Now, the actual cost of putting that oil through Tapline averages about twenty cents—which means that the profits on the pipeline alone run to thirty cents a barrel or better. At the present daily run of 300,000 barrels or more, one single day's earnings on Tapline can run to ninety thousand dollars—or, on a yearly rate of, say, one hundred million barrels, an annual profit of $30 million. All of this goes, undivided, to Aramco's parent companies. Since the seven-year-old line originally cost something over $200 million to build, the present yield is a handsome fifteen per cent on investment.

And what did it actually cost to produce that oil run over those pipelines and sold so profitably at tankerside? Here we run into complexities and obscurities of accounting that defy comprehension. Questions of length of amortization of investment, of depletion of reserves, of the chargeability of one enterprise that "came in" against others that did not, all enter into it. International oil companies remain at bottom highly speculative enterprises, continually throwing in fresh millions to prospect and tap new sources as others threaten to decline, and no two experts (least of all tax experts) can quite agree on how to figure and prorate "net cost" on maintaining any one proven field. Some experts today judge that Aramco's actual operating cost for delivering a barrel of crude to the Arabian Gulf coast runs as low as twenty cents. Others cry out that this is a wholly wrongheaded way of figuring costs, that the true figure should be nearly twice that amount. In any case, as one Aramco official concedes, the genius of Arabian oil is that there is so much of it that it can be produced very cheaply when in large demand. This of course presumes the continuity of demand, which is hardly in doubt. What arouses the customers to talk back, given all that supply, is the continuity of a stiff price.

The American consumer, buying crude oil for his heating unit at home at a set price of fifteen cents a gallon, becomes startled when he does some figuring and calculates that at this rate he is paying at retail $6.30 a barrel for oil that may have been loaded into New York-bound tankers in the Persian Gulf at $2.08, after Aramco and King Saud got their cut.

The Ships Must Have Oil

The paradox of overabundant fuel supply at one end and urgent need for it on the other—or what is perhaps more important, the need for assurance that the supply will continue—underlies all our dealings over Middle Eastern oil, and therefore with the Middle East generally. Two classic contrasting approaches have been made to it—one American, the other British. The British, first-comers in the region, wedded governmental, diplomatic, and commercial considerations in their pursuit of Middle Eastern partners and dependents. American efforts, on the other hand, have tried studiously to keep these apart. The British built business enterprises in the area that were frankly tied to imperial policy and strategic considerations. We, on our side, have let business enterprise grow without the guidance—and eventually the assistance—of a government policy. The question before us now seems to be whether Middle Eastern commerce and policy can actually be kept apart. The British have said "No"; we go on saying, in effect, "Yes." Now that Americans have taken over from the British as the West's dominant political representatives in the Middle Eastern area, the issue is whether we have inherited British strength or only British liability, or have come up with some new and hopeful schemes of our own.

The British way in the Middle East has been to intermingle matters of property with those of sovereignty in a way that many Americans look upon as devious. Above all, the British wanted control of their imperial lifelines—a straightforward aim, even though Americans might find it unsympathetic. So a century before oil was discovered in the Arab Peninsula, the British set up "protectorates" over primitive coastal sheikdoms, paying off the chieftains to put an end to piracy and become Queen Victoria's well-behaved political satellites.

Then oil was found in the Middle

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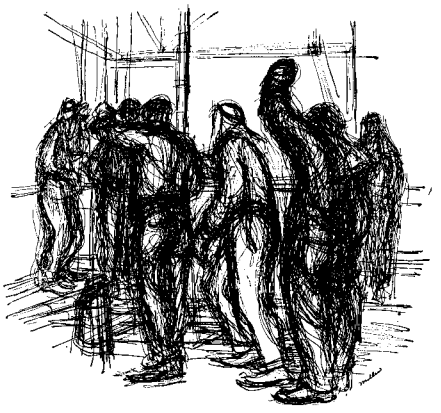
Eastern lands and British policy took a fresh turn. It would not do, said Whitehall, to let the local rulers manage it on their own in a loose partnership, while Britain's far-traveled navy needed the new fuel in its process of converting from coal. So in 1914 Winston Churchill, then First Lord of the Admiralty, prevailed upon the British government to buy the dominant and controlling interest in Persian oil concessions, thereby putting the British government straight into the oil business, where, in spite of Mossadegh's flurry of six years ago, it has remained to this day.

Churchill was not dreaming of developing the area, of advancing it socially, of building schools and railroads and harbors, or even of providing a bonanza to investors. He was thinking only of fuel for His Majesty's ships.

THE AMERICAN APPROACH has been of quite another order. Until very recently, the United States government has pursued a policy of nonengagement and noninterference in the area, looking upon the Middle East as Britain's own political and oil preserve—and being encouraged by London so to look upon it. Meanwhile the American oil companies have been moving into the area on their own, making private deals with desert chieftains, and then, as their enterprises flourished, launching massive programs for extending and consolidating their holdings. The British have dealt from government to government; the American dealings, on the other hand, have been between private corporations and foreign governments—a situation that puts our oilmen at some disadvantage, since they are dealing in private-property terms with foreign sovereign powers that may treat with them and profit from them but that still retain ultimate control over anything found and built within their domains.

Some critics, bandying about such words as "oil cartel" and "monopoly," have argued that there has actually been far too close a tie between American oil companies and our government in the Middle East. Some see this business "monopoly" as dominating our official policy; others, more familiar with past European experience, see the "monopoly" as the extension of our government's policy by other means. Both criticisms come down to the same thing: too much collaboration and collusion with the government—as well as with the British. But in fact, the more closely you look at the picture of American interests in the Middle East, the more you find that (a) there is really no one monopoly at work, (b) there is no solid link between the American government and American oil companies, (c) there certainly isn't a record of intimate fellowship



with British fellow exploiters, and (d) there isn't, in fact, any record of mutual support of governmental and private interests such as would serve to make public and private areas of responsibility clear and complementary. Our own record has been one of private oil companies increasingly reaching decisions and making political policy on their own—the State Department meanwhile standing back and saying, as it did in the course of the Suez crisis, that it would not even insist on the sanctity of international business contracts. "Unless the State Department does back us," one American oilman asked, "just how do you expect us to go on doing a business we can be sure of ?"

The Missionary Spirit

Direct American participation in the oil dealings of the Middle East began in the 1920's when geologists of the Standard Oil Company of California began prospecting in Arabia, where other geologists had insisted no commercial oil could be found. When they were proven right and the earlier geologists wrong, a major power struggle began with British-controlled enterprises that were engaged in Iran, in the former Mesopotamia, and later in the coastal sheikdoms around the Persian Gulf. The British still looked upon themselves as traditional political "protectors" of the area, while the Americans saw themselves as the private insurgents, the risk-takers come what may, and, not least, as the missionaries. Aramco's ventures in particular involved a uniquely American approach of remaking whole sections of the Arabian Desert with new towns, schools, hospitals, ports, irrigation projects, even government buildings, and training a generation of young tribesmen to become mechanics, clerks, plant foremen, and engineers.

This inevitably produced political and social upheaval in a desert kingdom that had not changed its nomadic ways since the time of the Prophet. The Americans undertook the job—but ducked much of the responsibility. On one occasion during the late war, when because of the unavoidable interruption of traffic King Ibn Saud's demands for funds far exceeded the curtailed royalties he was then getting, and when American oilmen brought the matter to the attention of the President, Mr. Roosevelt wrote to Jesse Jones, head of his Federal Loan Agency, the following classic message: "Jess—Will you tell the British I hope they can take care of the King of Saudi Arabia. This is a little far afield for us!"

But the American economic and social intervention in the Middle East soon made the disclaimer ludicrous, although its form was preserved. The form, in turn, rubbed off on the substance in a way that again is uniquely American. Some years ago Eugene Holman, then president of Standard Oil of New Jersey, perhaps the most expansive of American companies to go in heavily for Middle Eastern oil, declared that a foreign government which lets oil concessions has a right to expect "that an adequate participation in the proceeds from the enterprise should accrue to the Government; that operations shall be so conducted as to contribute to the domestic economy of the nation; that domestic demands for oil shall be fully satisfied before any oil is ex-

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ported; that development and production proceed in an orderly manner with no avoidable waste of the natural resource"—and so forth.

Too Much Oil

This principle of profit sharing in the Middle East has become routine, if not notably stable. With American money and enterprise the oil has been found, brought in, and much of its largess divided. But now the pioneering days of exploration and development are over; the oil is in, the ports and refineries are built, and the only risk that now remains is not economic but political. In our fathers' times, prospectors like the famed veteran James Terry Duce of Aramco went forth into Bedouin camps to stake out oil drillings among the unpromising sands. Ten years ago when the first great American oil strikes had just been brought in on the peninsula, Mr. Duce, the Lawrence of Arabia of the oil business, is said to have reached the conclusion that "There is simply too much oil in the Persian Gulf. Unfortunately for us, we have found so much that the rest of the world will never let us exploit it as a simple commercial undertaking."

"Terry has always been up in the clouds," a veteran of Duce's days has remarked. "Yet the old boy's statements have a way of coming true."

In 1952, Terry Duce made another statement: "I believe myself in fact that the oil industry should in the various countries in which it works be the first servant of the state, and that in its local development it should bear in mind first the interests of the country in which it works."

There is in fact too much oil in the Middle East—and too little of it elsewhere—to allow any single group or groups to have absolute control over it. Which are the various groups bidding for control? First there are the producing states, which want high production, at a high price, and the highest possible share of the proceeds. Then there are the "transit" countries, which also want the highest possible revenue on oil passing across their territory. Next there are the international oil companies themselves, which must be able to predict world demand as well as price in order to scale their operations, and which furthermore have to deal with rivalry by home producers as well as increasing demands for cuts by the Arabs. Then come the stockholders of the western companies, who demand the maximum return on their investment. Finally come the nations of western Europe with their own demand for an assured, continuous supply of oil at a price they can afford. Whatever the big oil companies do at this point affects the whole western alliance.

Which Way Out?

Many proposals for extending the benefits of Middle Eastern oil wealth have been thrown on the table by various hands. Among others, Anthony Nutting of Britain and Emile Bustani of Lebanon have said that gains for the Middle East should be higher—but that these should be distributed in a way that will benefit all the peoples of the Middle East rather than just a few. The prosperity of the Middle East and its attachment to the West, it is argued, cannot be reckoned in terms of the prosperity of a few oil producing states. But any plan for extending the ownership and control of Middle Eastern oil and its vital supply lines must include guarantees against expropriation, nationalization, or blockage under any other name. It is this,

again, that gives pause to the leaders of oil empires. How good is a guarantee from Syria, say? How good was Britain's from Mossadegh's Iran?

Yet until such time as we have cheap nuclear power, the oil has got to get through. Secretary of State Dulles has advocated fleets of supertankers—a proposal criticized as more likely to aid shipowner Aristotle Onassis than the surrounding world. The real problem is to get oil through on a steady and predictable basis, and at a price that isn't a holdup.

There has recently been some talk, even within the big oil companies, about setting up a supranational authority to extract and sell Middle Eastern oil and adjudicate its profits so that there may be both dependable supply and fair return. The proponents of this plan point to the European Coal and Steel Community.

This solution, which would materially modify sovereignty all around, may not sit well in an area that has only just discovered sovereignty. But the Middle East has recently made another important discovery—the interdependence among its own producing and transit states and its economic ties with outside consumer states.

For the western oil companies, meanwhile, there is the paradox that the more their life has changed from its early days of adventure to a sheer routine of pumping out the oil, the more complex and urgent their problems have become. They know that the more they supply of the world's critical oil and the richer they grow, the more they are challenged and the nearer they approach the day when their own status must change. Some oilmen speak privately—and certainly not for publication—of the need for increasing "partnership," "shared control," a "common market," and even "trusteeship" of the region's oil reserves for the good of all interested parties, from producers to consumers and including all governments that are directly concerned with the area.

But when you say "interested parties," how can you exclude the Soviet Union? Again the problem is lack of a clear policy. But unless we can limit the Russians' success in exploiting Arab nationalism, we ourselves are going to have little success at working out an acceptable international solution to the Middle Eastern oil crisis.

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Buraimi: A Study In Diplomacy by Default

BUSHROD HOWARD, JR.

LAST SUMMER, on August 20, the United Nations Security Council debated for four hours the charge signed by eleven Arab nations that Britain had violated the U.N. Charter in helping the Sultan of Muscat put down a rebellion by the followers of the Imam of Oman. At the final vote, which rejected the complaint, the United States abstained, declaring that it did not have "sufficient" information to vote one way or the other. The record suggests, however, that the State Department had, if anything, too much information. What it had lacked all along was the will to make a stand.

A review of what led up to last summer's vest-pocket war in Oman suggests that the practice of diplomacy by default can be very costly to all concerned—in this case to the American oil companies, to the prestige of the United States government, and to British-American relations in the Middle East.

The fighting itself took place in a region of uncertain sovereignty and even more uncertain boundaries that has traditionally formed part of the chain of British Protected States along the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean. The nominal adversaries were the Sultan of Muscat and Oman, sovereign of the sparsely settled coast stretching from the Persian Gulf to the Aden Protectorate, and the rebellious Imam of Oman, a religious leader who is now claiming the mountain lands lying just inland from the coast. The British maintain that Oman comes under the suzerainty of Muscat, while the Arab League and Saudi Arabia have recently preferred to consider it an independent state. Ostensibly the fighting was the latest explosion of the long-standing boundary disputes between Saudi Arabia and the British-protected Persian Gulf states. More importantly, however, it was a struggle between American and British oil interests.

The concept of national boundaries is new to the Arabian Peninsula, whose empty sands and salt wastes have discouraged permanent occupation. But the unification of the peninsula under the late Ibn Saud in 1927, the discovery of oil in Bahrein in 1932, and the grant of the first American oil concession by Saudi Arabia in 1933 made the determination of boundaries a necessity. Accordingly, throughout the 1930's the Saudis and the British (acting on behalf of their Arab wards) made a determined if leisurely effort to negotiate the eastern boundaries of Saudi Arabia and the Persian Gulf states. These negotiations were not successful, but it was

thought that they had at least defined the area in dispute. This area was bounded on the south by the Ryan Line, which represented the maximum territory the British were then willing to concede to the Saudis. The northern boundary of the area, called the Fuad Line, represented the maximum territory then claimed by Saudi Arabia. All subsequent maps showed either one or both of the lines, and Saudi schoolbooks, the California and Texas companies' concession map of 1939, and all Aramco maps as late as 1948 showed the Fuad Line alone as the Saudi boundary.

As sole concessionaire in Saudi Arabia, Aramco understandably took a lively interest in King Saud's efforts to extend his kingdom. By the same token, the Iraq Petroleum Company, which holds all the concession rights in the Persian Gulf states south of Bahrein, took an equally lively interest in blocking such efforts. Ownership of Aramco is wholly American, divided among Standard Oil of New Jersey, Standard of California, and the Texas Company (thirty per cent each), and Socony Mobil (ten per cent). I.P.C. is British-managed and -controlled but internationally owned—23.75 per cent each by British and French government companies, Royal Dutch Shell, and the American-owned Near East Development Corporation (a joint interest of Standard of New Jersey and Socony Mobil). The remaining five per cent is held by the trust of the late C. S. Gulbenkian.

Mr. Young Goes to Dhahran

The first sign of trouble ahead came in 1948 when Aramco surrendered all its rights in the Kuwait-Saudi Arabia Neutral Zone at the head of the Persian Gulf in return for oil rights to all other offshore areas of Saudi Arabia. To determine the extent of Saudi offshore rights, Aramco retained Judge Manley Hudson of the Harvard Law School, who sent his assistant, Richard Young, to Saudi Arabia to undertake the task. When the Saudi government heard that Young was in Dhahran, it asked to be allowed to consult him. Aramco promptly agreed. In early 1949, Saudi Arabia issued a proclamation defining its territorial waters (a definition that the United States government protested was too sweeping) and asserting claims to the mineral rights in the adjacent high seas of the Persian Gulf.

Not satisfied with this, later in 1949 the Saudis made a claim to most of the land area between Qatar and Buraimi, which included a good chunk of the sheikdom of Abu Dhabi, another British Protected State, and two hundred miles of

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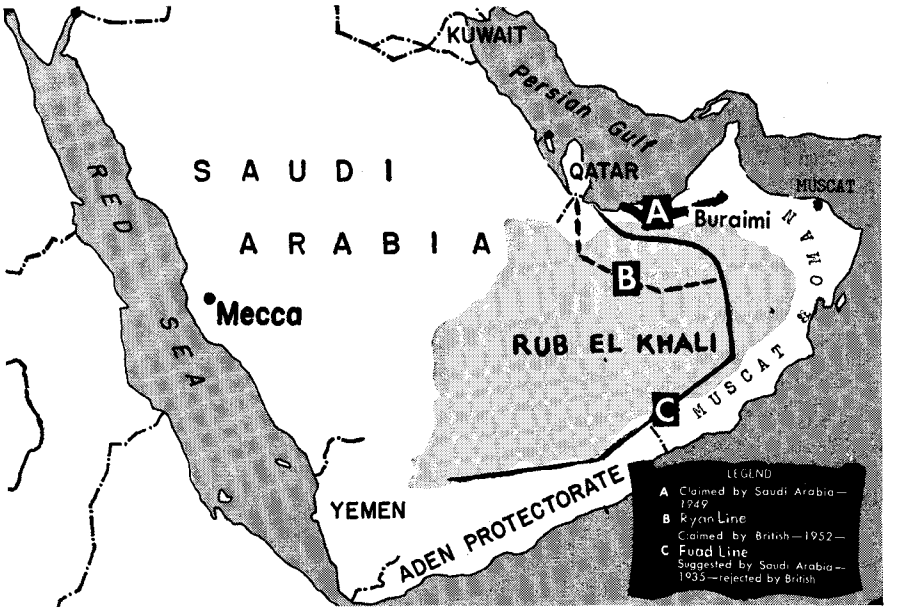

coastline with some of the most highly promising offshore oil prospects in the area. When confronted with the fact that this claim included some ten thousand square miles beyond the Fuad Line, Saudi Arabia replied that the Fuad Line was not a "claim" but "a compromise" offer that had now lapsed. The total area now under dispute covered thirty thousand square miles of flat salt wasteland, uninhabited except for a few thousand tribesmen living in and around the Buraimi Oasis and the villages of the Liwa Oasis.

Such were the beginnings of the Buraimi dispute and the eventual fighting in Oman. British allegations that the dispute was fathered by Aramco to enlarge its concession area were indignantly denied. The record, however, would seem to suggest that the British were not far from right.

In the early part of 1950, while the British and Saudis were negotiating an agreement to suspend all oil activities in the newly expanded "disputed area," Aramco took over much of the preparation of the evidence and the legal arguments in support of the Saudi government's 1949 claims. Although Aramco officially claimed that the boundary dispute was not its concern, it again retained Richard Young to work on the legal aspects of the case. When he registered as an agent of the Saudi government on April 25, 1955, Mr. Young declared in his statement that he was "retained by the Government of Saudi Arabia as counsel on its boundary arbitration by means of a verbal arrangement with the Deputy Minister of Foreign Affairs on 21 January 1955." His statement further showed that from 1950 to 1954 he had made eight trips to Saudi Arabia, where he had given "legal advice from time to time to the government of Saudi Arabia, outside the U.S., by arrangement with Aramco."

Aramco also provided the Saudi government with the services of its Arab Research Division, headed by Dr. George Rentz, for the purpose of gathering (or in the British view manufacturing) evidence for the Saudi case. The major effort of Dr. Rentz and his fellow workers was to employ Arabs from the disputed area as "relators," who would relate for the record what they knew of the history and people of the area. The British alleged that this was a subterfuge by which Aramco was bribing the tribes. They further claimed that the "relators" were obliged to sign (by thumbprint) a Saudi tax receipt each time they received their pay. During the subsequent arbitration hearings in Geneva, Saudi Arabia did in fact produce a mass of tax receipts from these tribesmen as evidence that it exercised sovereignty in the disputed area.

A Definitive Work by Aramco

Truly massive evidence of Aramco's interest in the boundary dispute came to light in 1952 with the publication in Cairo of a six-hundred-page book entitled *Oman and the Southern Shore of the Gulf* that was published in Arabic and English by the Arab Research Division of Aramco. The book is an ambitious study of the whole area from Qatar to the Indian Ocean. Its preface refers, significantly enough, to a study by Aramco completed in 1950 of "the Eastern reaches of al-Hasa Province," the very territory which Saudi Arabia had just claimed in 1949. The work also defines the Imamate of Oman as an independent state. British readers of this volume (which is now unobtainable) might well have concluded that Saudi Arabia (with the backing of Aramco) would in due course claim the entire area up to the Imamate of Oman, recognize Oman as an independent state, and so reduce the Sultanate of Muscat to a narrow coastal strip on the Gulf of Oman.

Aramco's purpose in publishing the volume is in any event somewhat cloudy. The preface states, ". . . while the information contained herein will be of value to those who are actively engaged in the endeavor to settle the boundary problems that now exist, it will also serve a wider purpose in providing those interested in Arabian affairs with an opportunity to become familiar with one of the least known corners of the Peninsula. . ." This passage hardly appears to qualify the volume as an innocuous work of disinterested scholarship.

Clash of Empires

By 1953, Saudi-British relations had taken a threatening turn for the worse. The boundary negotiations that had been in progress off and on since the Saudi claims of 1949 broke up in January, 1952. As a result, Saudi Arabia "occupied" the Buraimi Oasis villages in August, and the British replied by "blockading" Buraimi and resuming oil operations in the disputed area in November. At this point there was a clear need—and opportunity—for constructive mediation and, if necessary, intervention. Yet the State Department, which represented the only other power involved in the area, clung stubbornly to a position of strict neutralism.

Oddly enough, the only act of con-

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structive mediation was provided in the latter part of 1953 by a vice-president of Aramco, who had for some time believed that an equitable and lasting solution was possible. He proposed that since Aramco already had more than sufficient oil and acreage in the Arabian Peninsula, the disputed area should be ceded entirely to the Saudis and that the Saudis in return should give exclusive oil rights in this area to the British. This would have satisfied the Saudis and at the same time given the British status in the area and freed them from the fear that American oil interests would continue to prod the Saudi government into further territorial claims.

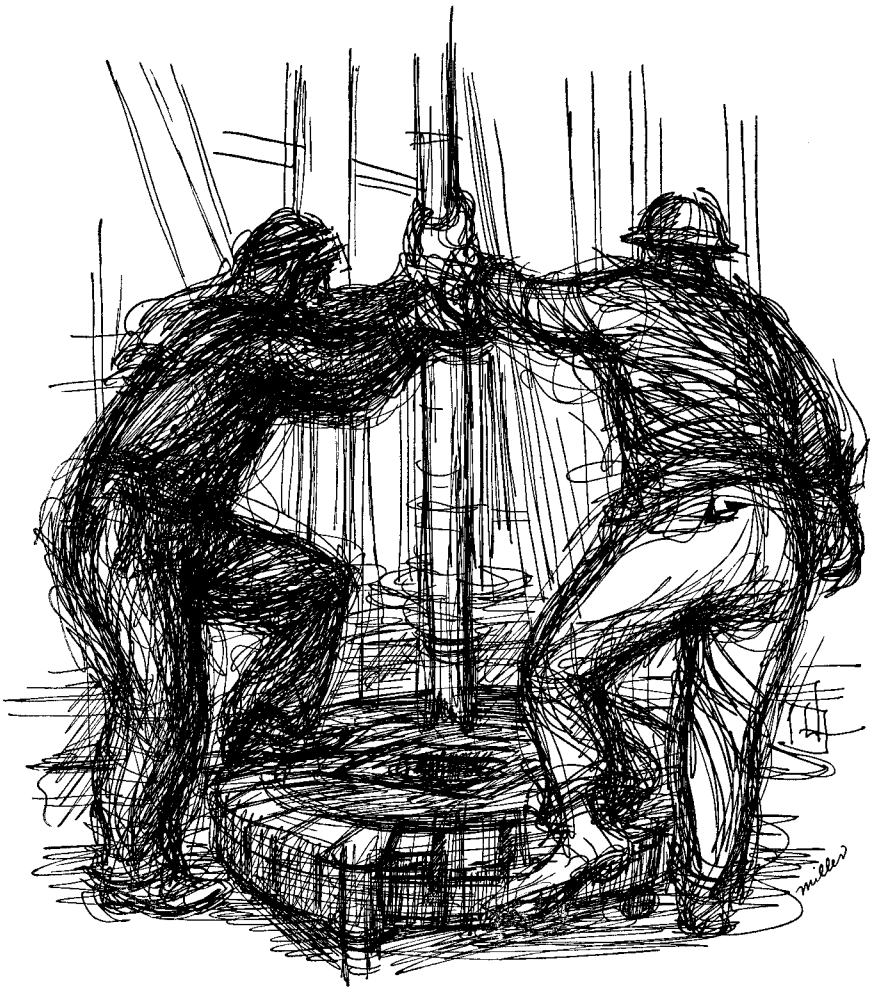
THIS PROPOSAL was discussed in London at a luncheon given by the Aramco vice-president and attended by an official of the British Foreign Office and a member of the U.S. embassy, as well as London representatives of both Standard Oil of New Jersey and Socony Mobil. Although the Aramco man's suggestion was entirely unofficial (in fact, it was known that his views would probably be considered heretical by Aramco's board), the Foreign Office lost no time in acting on it. In late February of 1954, the British government delivered a note to the Saudis agreeing to arbitration by an international tribunal with certain conditions as to the area involved and interim police control of the region.

At the end of the note came this condition:

"C: All the above provided that the oil operations of the IPC and AIOC [Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, which had the offshore concession in the sheikdom of Abu Dhabi] go on . . . It is recognized, of course, that the Arabian American Oil Company's concession would, as things stand, extend to cover any area which as a result of arbitration might pass to Saudi sovereignty. It is not desired to impair Aramco's concessionary rights. Nevertheless, if the Saudi government and Aramco were agreeable, the two British oil companies would in due course be interested in the negotiation of concessionary rights in any disputed area that might pass to Saudi sovereignty."

It is not hard to see the advantages the British foresaw in making this offer. If accepted, it would re-establish Saudi-British relations on a sound basis, which would do much to reconsolidate Britain's position on the Persian Gulf; it would eliminate the chief cause of British-American oil rivalry in the Arabian Peninsula and so represent a step toward achieving a common Anglo-American policy in the Middle East; and it would deprive anti-western nationalists of rich material for divisive propaganda. Best of all, perhaps, from the British viewpoint, it placed Aramco squarely behind the eight ball, for under the terms of the proposal the Saudi government could only stand to gain both additional territory and additional oil revenues. If the offer was rejected, Britain could make a strong case for its suspicion that Aramco was using Saudi territorial demands to expand its oil concessions.

Reactions to the British note were mixed. The State Department, from its position on the sidelines, hoped that a satisfactory settlement could be reached and instructed George Wadsworth, our ambassador in Jidda, to inform the Saudis that the U.S. government viewed the British note as "a step in the right direction." At first the Saudi government was inclined to accept the British proposal. It interpreted the note to mean that if, as Aramco claimed, the British were interested only in oil, this was a most favorable opportunity for a settlement, even without arbitration. Aramco's reaction, however, was one of violent and emotional opposition. When asked by the Saudi government if the company would surrender any rights it might obtain in the disputed area, if and when it should come under Saudi sovereignty, Aramco replied with a categorical "No." Aramco officials promptly



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charged that "British injection of the oil issue is highly regrettable and discloses true British motives." To them, British motives were clear: "Their primary concern is an oil concession on Aramco concession territory."

When Aramco learned that both the Saudi government and the State Department looked on the British note with favor, it spared no effort to reverse the tide. Throughout March, 1954, scarcely a day passed without high Aramco officials calling on the State Department singly or in groups to register their protest. The pressure continued via letters, cables, and personal visits throughout April and May. The Aramco argument emphasized in particular that the company was being asked to give up "the assets of the corporation" to settle a political matter—this despite the fact that the assets in question lay far beyond the boundaries of its concession as stipulated in the original contract with Saudi Arabia and as shown as late as 1948 on its own maps. The Aramco argument also conveniently ignored the views put forth by one of its own vice-presidents, who seemed quite satisfied with the assets of the corporation as they stood.

ALTHOUGH these pressures did not persuade the State Department that the British proposal had in any way prejudiced Aramco's position, it would appear that they were effective in driving the State Department back to the position of safe neutrality from which it had begun to emerge. As late as the end of May, when Aramco was threatening to precipitate an incident by penetrating into that part of the disputed area where the British were in military control, the best the State Department could do was to urge the British to withdraw from the area and to complain to the Saudis of their habit of involving Aramco in political matters. On July 28, 1954, the British government, no longer willing to count on the State Department to hold to its original position and to encourage the Saudis to do likewise, agreed to arbitration of the dispute—this time, ominously enough, without any mention of the controlling Condition C. This could only mean that the British were going into the arbitration with the idea of buying time rather than with any hope of reaching a satisfactory solution.

Gunboats in the Desert

From now on the moderates on the British side appeared to lose control. The sabotage of what after all was a most reasonable proposal seemed to convince the British that American oil interests *were* the real instigators and would be the beneficiaries of Saudi expansion. Accordingly, the British, who had no local troops in the area in early 1954, made a series of moves to strengthen their hand for what appeared to them to be the necessary policy of force. The Trucial Oman Scouts, British-officered and -financed, which had been disbanded in early 1954 as the result of a mutiny, were re-formed. To supplement this force, Sir Stephen Gibson, managing director of I.P.C., made an agreement with the Sultan

of Muscat to finance an army to assure the security of Oman. Since this region had never been under the sultan's full control, it was clear that this agreement, aimed at armed intervention in matters of sovereignty, was one that could hardly have been approved by a responsible private company without the backing of the British government. It was presumably for this reason (and to keep the U.S. government in the dark) that the I.P.C. management did not—until several months later—inform its two American partners, Standard of New Jersey and Socony Mobil.

When these forces had been raised, equipped, and trained, Britain acted with alacrity. Under a barrage of accusations of Saudi bribery, the British arbitrator, Sir Reader Bullard, walked out in the middle of the arbitration hearings in Geneva. This was in September, 1955. In October the British occupied not only Buraimi but also the Imamate of Oman. Thanks to eighteen months' respite and oil-company funds, they were able to complete this operation without using any but the locally raised and British-officered troops.

Unfortunately, the easy success of this venture led the British to believe that the early-nineteenth-century methods which had served on the North-West Frontier in India were the answer to the twentieth-century border problems of Arabia. Military occupation of Oman and Buraimi by fewer than three thousand ill-trained, ill-disciplined local troops was not a long-term answer. Last summer, within less than two years, Oman was again in revolt. This time it was necessary to bring in British troops and planes to restore order—or rather to re-establish the *status quo ante* which with its unsettled boundary and oil disputes had caused all the trouble in the first place.

IF THE State Department had thrown its full support behind the British proposal in 1954, the Saudi government would unquestionably have accepted it. There would then have been no fighting either in 1955 or 1957 and the Soviet Union would not have had the opportunity to champion once again, for its own propaganda purposes, the cause of Arab nationalism before the United Nations.

Even more important, such a step, taken at that time, could have created the kind of confidence required by any joint British-American policy in the Middle East and so might have helped to brake the British go-it-alone mood that led to the Suez fiasco in 1956.

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George Kennan Updates His Diplomacy

MAX ASCOLI

ON SIX SUCCESSIVE Sundays, George Kennan went before the mike of the BBC to read his carefully phrased Reith Lectures and, each time, some of his ideas found an immediate echo in the press and radio throughout the world. The thoughts of a lonely man who is not very much at home in his own land made top news in every country irrespective of its political order; his thoughts were translated and commented on in every language men use to communicate to each other their anguish about the survival of this earth. True, the reception of Kennan's ideas was spotty and selective, according to the prevailing prejudice and to the inclination everywhere to hear only what one wanted to hear. But unquestionably, the universal reverberations of Kennan's thoughts immensely heighten their relevance.

What Kennan said would not have carried half as far if he had not been an American diplomat-at-large. The very fact that he is known as a critic of John Foster Dulles helped. The leaders of our own administration during the last few years had done their best to train an audience for Kennan. They had been sermonizing the whole world about the sacredness of the individual, and here was a gifted, articulate individual freely exercising his sacred right to dissent. A thorough re-examination of our foreign and defense policies had lately been announced as imminent. Here was George Kennan earnestly trying to do exactly that job, speaking from London to the world on the basis of long experience and much thinking. He was not reading the report of a committee or study group. He was following the truth as he saw it.

This invariably is a risky undertaking, and the brave man so inclined has no insurance against the danger of going out on a limb. This is exactly, in my opinion, what happened to George Kennan; yet I think that we all, and particularly those who disagree with him as thoroughly as I do, are in his debt. How can we ever hope to escape the oppressive heaviness of long-spent ideas hovering over us unless some men set out to reformulate the principles that must guide the inward and outward course of our nation? The workable, objective truths we need can be found only after the reports are in from earnest men who dare to think their thoughts through.

Incidentally, this is what the scientists call basic research. Here we are incomparably ahead of the Russians. There will never be a Muscovite Kennan speaking over Radio Peking.

From Containment to Disengagement

Kennan admits that "the atomic deterrent has its value as a stabilizing factor . . ." until a more manageable form of balance of power is found or, as he puts it, "until we can evolve some better means of protection." Yet he has no confidence that the unending weapons race with Soviet Russia, the constant feverish devising of more powerful weapons and faster means of delivery, of new swords and new shields, can "in any way serve the purposes of a constructive and hopeful foreign policy." "Are we to flee like haunted creatures," he says in one of his most moving passages, "from one defensive device to another, each more costly and humiliating than the one before, cowering underground one day, breaking up our cities the next, attempting to surround ourselves with elaborate electronic shields on the third, concerned only to prolong the length of our lives while sacrificing all the values for which it might be worth while to live at all?"

Obviously he has lost confidence in the "position of strength" theory; he does not believe that by constantly trying "to get a tiny bit ahead of the Russians" we can ultimately succeed in negotiating with them and reach a settlement on our terms.

Kennan here rejects a position that many of his Democratic friends still hold. Actually, if I understand him correctly, he rejects that theory of "containment" which he himself, in the "X" article in *Foreign Affairs*, formulated ten years ago. He then expressed his belief "that the Soviet pressure against the free institutions of the Western world is something that can be contained by the adroit and vigilant application of counterforce at a series of constantly shifting geographical and political points, corresponding to the shifts and maneuvers of Soviet policy . . ."

During the last ten years, the Russian pressure has not found its match in adequate counterpressure from the West. Internal Russian development did not follow the course that Kennan's 1947 article had judged conceivable, and Russia did not "remain economically a vulnerable, and in a certain sense an impotent, nation, capable of exporting its enthusiasms and of radiating the strange charm of its primitive polit-

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ical vitality but unable to back up those articles of export by the real evidences of material power and prosperity."

DISENGAGEMENT and not counter-pressure is now the policy that, according to Kennan, we should follow in dealing with Soviet Russia—a disengagement that, he thinks, is particularly urgent in all those areas where the contact between western and Soviet armed forces is close and friction is most likely to produce a spark. Kennan's main preoccupation seems to be that of creating a vast distance, both territorial and emotional, between ourselves and the Russians.

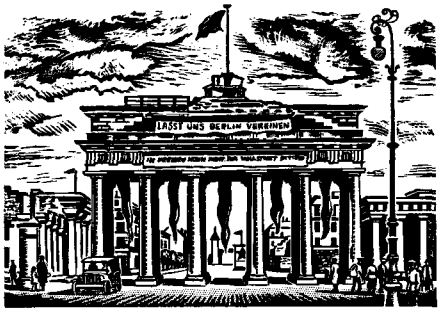
His opinion of the Soviet leaders has not much changed from what it was ten years ago. If anything, Stalin's successors make him less hopeful that a basis for a broad understanding can ever be found with the men in the Kremlin. They are, he says, men whose minds are warped, men who "have systematically employed falsehood." Or, to put it more plainly, they are liars, and at the same time, they are the victims of their lies; they can know us but dimly. Whatever knowledge we may acquire of them is made useless by the fact that our basic values differ irreconcilably from theirs.

Therefore, there seems to be no solution but to be morally as well as physically detached and reconciled to the fact that what communication is possible with them can only be entrusted to old-fashioned diplomacy. The Kremlin leaders are "men who *can* be directly influenced by situations, but not by words expressed in any terminology other than their own." There is not much use discussing with them; but if old-fashioned diplomats keep telling them, quietly and persistently, "what we *would* be prepared to do, or would *not* be prepared to do, in specific contingencies," then the men of the Kremlin may get the idea.

His strategy of disengagement operates in direct relation to the danger of friction. Therefore, disengagement in Germany is, for Kennan, the most urgent priority. To induce the Russians to withdraw from East Germany, we must be ready to withdraw the NATO forces from West Germany. Russian withdrawal from East Germany can lead, according to Kennan, to their withdrawal from the whole of eastern Europe. The eastern European countries can thus become free of the Russians, and the Russians can become free of their troublesome neighbors—provided, I may add, that these neighbors, some of which, as Kennan puts it, "are neither fish nor fowl," do not take their fowlish freedom too literally.

Germany should be united and neutralized, as I understand him, by agreement among the powers that vanquished Hitler in the Second World War. She would therefore leave NATO, and could be content with a small army equipped with conventional weapons. The other western European nations, too, would need no more than some sort of constabulary and anti-Communist vigilantes.

This, at least, is what I make of Kennan's suggestion that European nations should defend themselves at the boundaries if they can, but most of all "at every village crossroads." "Their forces," he says, "might better be para-military ones, of a territorial-militia type, somewhat on the Swiss example. . . ." This is rather strange, considering that the Swiss actually have a formidable military establishment capable of defending every inch of Swiss territory. Kennan suggests that the national societies of western Europe be "organized to prevent the conquest and subjugation of their national life by



unscrupulous and foreign-inspired minorities in their midst." This sounds to me like a rather redoubtable police system, which does not augur well for the democratic freedoms of the western European nations. Although Kennan repeatedly talks about a western community, there seems to be no doubt that the one he advocates is reduced to the three English-speaking countries: the United States, Britain, and Canada. In fact, he says that "NATO's real strength lies—and will continue in any circumstances to lie—in the appreciation of the member nations for the identity of their real interests, as members of the Western spiritual and cultural community."

Too Proud to Compete

George Kennan is certainly not the author of the disengagement theory, but he has carried it out to its furthest limits. His words happened to find a large resonance in a worldwide audience. There is what can be called a universal yearning for disengagement in our world today—disengagement from the prospective enemy as well as from friends; disengagement above all from that horrid, unimaginable thing which lies ahead of us and which the competitive advances of science and technology bring closer. This makes it possible to understand how people in various nations could find in Kennan's ideas exactly what they wanted to find and refused to see the rest. Thus the Europeans do not seem to have objected too much to the prospect of their continent's becoming a sort of no man's land, kept free of nuclear weapons in the sense that none would be stationed there, though not free of the prospect of nuclear bombardment from either side.

As far as I know, no protest against the Kennan philosophy has come from the so-called uncommitted countries of Asia and Africa, or, for that matter, from the patrons and devotees the Asians and Africans have in our country. Yet it is exactly in dealing with this area that Kennan has had the most fun, adroitly and swiftly knocking down all the established principles of international do-goodism. Why should we feel responsible for the underdevelopment of old and new nations in Asia and Africa? he asks. Must we atone for the vigor we have shown in developing our own country? Why are all these nations in such a hurry to get industrialized anyway?

On one point he is categorical. If the rulers of Asia and Africa tell us that unless we provide economic assistance their countries may go Communist, then the only answer we should give them is: "Very well,

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then, go." There has been much talk about the so-called revolution of rising expectations. If the Russians feel like meeting some of these expectations, let them do so. And if the Russians make such big strides in their industrial development, launch satellites and the like, why, Kennan asks, should we feel slighted or threatened?

For all the various areas of Asia where we are in danger of being dragged into a conflict with Russia, Kennan suggests, to be sure, disengagement. But for what is probably the sorest spot in the world today, the Middle East, his prescription is specific and radical: Let's get away from that hopeless mess, he suggests, as fast and as thoroughly as we can. Let's give all that sand and oil back to the sheiks and let's decrease, as much as is humanly possible, our dependence on Middle Eastern oil. But how? Kennan's answer is plain: by not using that oil, or as little of it as possible. Why we rushed to reopen the Suez Canal, he cannot understand.

The Lunar Landscape

The world Kennan envisages is a rather frightening one. Unless I am mistaken, it is even more frightening than the world we live in. There are the two superpowers, each capable of obliterating the other. The United States, with its Canadian suburb and its British airstrips, is to all intents and purposes isolated. So, presumably, is Russia. But this is a shaky presumption, considering Russia's immoderate interest in other people's affairs. What is called the gray zone embraces a very large section of the world, including continental Europe. Its means of defense are suited only to guerrilla warfare and police action. The forays, needless to say, can come only from one side.

But the distance between the two superpowers has been established, many of the causes for friction have been eliminated, and a few fuzes, I suppose, removed. However, as both powers are in no condition to know each other well, to communicate with each other, mere distance is not likely to provide an effective guarantee against misapprehension or misunderstanding—particularly in view of the fact that both have, or soon will have, weapons capable of bridging the distance that separates them in a matter of minutes.

Old-fashioned diplomacy keeps open what little communication is possible between ourselves and the Russians, remains quite skeptical of any global solution that might guarantee an enduring peace, and tries to diminish the chances of war by working, as Kennan recommends, on the "individual components." Old-fashioned diplomacy has been made somewhat safe for the world.

In this world that is presumed to have been made somehow safe for old-fashioned diplomacy, we can count on at least one thing: the United States will behave. We will not try to produce or hasten changes in Russia that may be favorable to us. A technological race with the Russians is out of the question, for we are too proud to compete with them. We will not bother too much with the intermediate gray zone, for whatever network of alliances we may have there is of a spiritual nature, and we have dabbled enough in foreign assistance. Within our borders our strength, to some extent, lies in our retaliatory power, but above all in the assiduous cultivation of our virtues.

This is far from being a new idea for Kennan, or, indeed, for any reader of lofty isolationist literature. But the Reith Lectures are particularly flavored with civic piety. "Our diplomacy can never be stronger than the impression we contrive to create on others, not just by virtue of what we do but rather . . . by what we are." The greater part of our security "lies still in what we of this generation are—first of all to ourselves, secondarily to others."

Our test is how rapidly and successfully do we fulfill our own specific ideals. The Soviet people, too, are engaged in the fulfillment of their specific ideals, Kennan says, and this is a competition with Russia that he gladly accepts.

What the ideals of these inveterate liars, the Soviet leaders, can be, and what their fulfillment can accomplish for the Soviet people—all this I cannot make out. In one of his lectures Kennan says that in Russia "there is now a powerful, in fact irrepressible demand for complete intellectual and cultural freedom." How the "specific ideals" of Soviet society can survive the test of "complete intellectual and cultural freedom"—this again I am unable to understand. But then I must admit that I haven't the faintest knowledge of what "complete freedom" can be like, anywhere but in the Heavenly City.

Where Opposites Meet

The queerest thing about the world of George Kennan is its similarity to that of John Foster Dulles. To be sure, there is a profound, tortured honesty in Kennan, and he is not afraid to think his ideas through. But both Kennan and Dulles have their minds transfixed by the thought of that horrid war which may be upon us. Kennan recoils from that prospect with so desperate a fury as to concede to the Russians, as a precondition for slow, unglamorous, un-summit negotiations, at least as much as the Russians have ever asked. Dulles plays with the idea of war gingerly, goes from brink to brink, and leaves his diplomacy to whatever strategy the Pentagon may devise.

If John Foster Dulles has respect and fondness for our allies, then the allied leaders are ungrateful wretches, for they couldn't hate Dulles more. But Dulles can never reach the desperate, feverish earnestness of a Kennan, and likes to hop from one allied capital to another. Where the similarity between the two men is most striking is in their attitude toward Soviet Russia. Here, if anything, Kennan is even more negative than Dulles, for whereas Dulles questions the good faith of the Soviet leaders, Kennan considers them, for all their shrewdness and deviousness, hopelessly obtuse.

Both Kennan and Dulles have no confidence in summit meetings, in the machinery for interallied decisions on basic issues, in disarmament negotiations, or, for that matter, in the U.N. But because of his immense

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intellectual agility, Dulles can always use somebody else's ideals to hide his unwillingness to act—as was eminently the case when, during the Suez affair, the formulation of American foreign policy was delegated to the U.N. He is always ready to pay the most fulsome compliments to the network of interlocking commonwealths of which the United States is meant to be the center, even if under his management this center, for several years now, has failed to promote the process of commonwealth construction. Yet Dulles has never missed a chance to substitute moralistic declamations for deeds.

George Kennan has no patience with such lack of candor. His lectures carry such a sense of integrity as to distract attention from their content. This advocate of old-fashioned diplomacy, I submit, would feel ill at ease with the Talleyrands and the other practitioners of what he rightly calls a lost art. Rather, I would say, he is an old-fashioned American, very close to Thoreau, whom he frequently quotes—a man possessed by his commitment to one ideal that for some reason he calls diplomatic realism.

He has now offered the world a picture of what the diplomacy of this country would look like if it were honest with itself. It is a nightmarish picture—particularly harrowing since it shows the real face of our diplomacy as it appears once all the Dullesian make-up is washed off.

THIS IS ONE MORE REASON why I think we should be grateful to Kennan. It is good that his lectures have been delivered. It will be even better if they are carefully read and thoroughly discussed. The inescapable implications of our foreign policy have never been made so plain as in these lectures which George Kennan conceived as a criticism of our diplomacy and which turned out to be a merciless description of it.

The Pious Truculence Of John Foster Dulles

CHALMERS M. ROBERTS

THE BIGGEST NEWS in Washington on Tuesday, July 23, 1957, was the arrival in the capital of a mass of cool air from Canada to break the 101-degree heat of the previous two days. Relief from the searing sun seemed more important, in fact, than passage by the House of a postal pay-rise bill, despite the threat of a Presidential veto, or the latest Senate maneuvers in the otherwise all-absorbing "great debate" on civil-rights legislation the same day.

Not long after President Eisenhower had met with his Republican Congressional leaders on the civil-rights bill and other legislative matters that morning, the Soviet Ambassador to the United States, Georgi N. Zaroubin, slipped unnoticed into John Foster Dulles's office at the State Department.

This second call turned out to be the most meaningful event of the day, although it was not to be recorded until October. For Zaroubin had come on instructions from the Kremlin to ask the meaning of an Eisenhower press-conference reply on July 17 to a query about a possible exchange of visits between Soviet Marshal Georgi Zhukov, then defense minister and but recently promoted to full membership in the Presidium, and Defense Secretary Charles E. Wilson.

Mr. Eisenhower had responded that he "couldn't see any harm" in such an exchange of visits, that perhaps such an exchange might be helpful in "testing" whether Soviet "statements are trustworthy." The President's response struck this reporter as that "of a man hankering for another chat" with his old wartime comrade in arms, a phrase printed in the Washington *Post and Times Herald*. Three days after the press conference, however, the *Post* printed on page 1 a report that the White House was throwing cold water on the exchange-of-visits idea.

Nonetheless, three days later Zaroubin not only asked Dulles for an explanation of the President's remarks but he also told the secretary that an invitation to Zhukov, if tendered, would receive an affirmative reply. Dulles said he would have to consult Mr. Eisenhower. A day later the secretary told his director of the Office of Eastern European Affairs, Edward L. Freers, to inform the Soviet counselor, Sergei R. Striganov (Zaroubin having gone to New York), that the President had merely given "a hypothetical answer to a hypothetical question." There was no invitation to Zhukov.

The frequently verbose Dulles was unusually close-mouthed about the Soviet inquiry. Not only was there no announcement of what had happened but word of the Kremlin overture was not transmitted to London, where Harold E. Stassen was in the midst of what seemed to be unprecedentedly serious East-West disarmament talks. The Central Intelligence Agency, headed by Dulles's brother Allen, was not told, nor were any of the allied governments.

IT WAS NOT until Khrushchev, in an October interview with James Reston of the New York *Times*, angrily charged Dulles with a rebuff that the world heard of the incident. The State Department and later the President then denied that any "rebuff" had been intended.

The old question of what would have happened if Booth hadn't shot Lincoln is hardly more intriguing, and unanswerable, than the question of what might have happened if Zhukov had indeed been invited to Washington. The President had always looked upon his old acquaintanceship with the marshal as a useful line of communication to the Kremlin, as had been amply testified by Mr. Eisenhower's many press-conference comments in earlier years. Mr. Eisenhower, in fact, had proposed sending Zhukov a congratu-

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latory cable in July on the occasion of his elevation to full Presidium membership. But that cable was never sent.

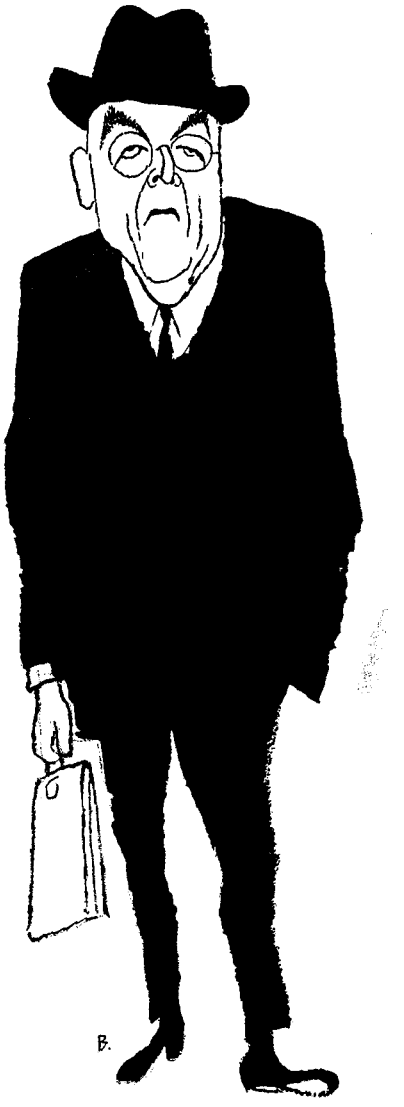
The Zhukov affair is important because of what it represents: Dulles's opposition to negotiation with the Soviet Union. That attitude, in turn, was rebuffed at the December NATO Conference in Paris, where our allies insisted on another go-round with the Soviets as the price of acceptance, even in principle, of the American plan to base intermediate-range ballistic missiles in their countries.

Dulles had gone to Paris believing that Chancellor Adenauer and Prime Minister Macmillan stood firmly with him on the premise of no negotiations with the Kremlin, at least until the western defense posture (meaning, of course, American defense) had caught up with the Soviets. It was Adenauer's opening of the door to new talks, however cautiously, that made it imperative for Dulles to back down and accept the NATO compromise.

The current Washington squabbling over a new approach on disarmament and the related debates in other NATO parliaments over new negotiations with Moscow all seem to lead back to John Foster Dulles. On hearing in October of the Zhukov affair, Stassen contended that the rebuff, for it was certainly that, might well have played a major role in the Soviet decision to break off the London arms talks. This thesis, while it can't be proved, is at least arguable. And it reinforced Stassen's determination, as did the NATO demands for new talks, to attempt to force the issue between himself and Dulles before leaving Washington to break another lance on the political field.

Incidentally, there has been a lot of argument in Washington over the real meaning of Dulles's flying trip to London last fall, when he was reputed to have whipped together the NATO nations' agreement on the "open skies" phase of the western arms proposals. Dulles's contention was that he had brought order out of chaos and a firm offer out of conflicting plans. But the Stassen supporters contend that Dulles intentionally pulled the rug out from under Stassen by accepting the demand of the European NATO members, especially the Germans and the French, that there could be no European "open skies" zone without at the same time an Arctic zone covering at least part of the United States and Canada.

The argument here is that Dulles knew the Soviets would not accept an Arctic zone (they had already publicly ridiculed the idea) and that what he really wanted to kill off was



a European zone (which he already had publicly criticized). The reason: Dulles felt that a European zone open to East-West inspection would automatically increase the prospect for mutual troop withdrawals from such a zone and then encourage pressure to "neutralize" the zone—including the two Germanies, and without reunification either. The sum of the available evidence is that Dulles was just as happy that the arms talks broke down because an agreement could only have come if the West paid a price involving something at least approaching German neutralization, a price he refused to pay.

The Dulles opposition to negotiations with the Soviets had been obvious in Washington for a long time, though many of the details of his anti-negotiation maneuvers are not so well known. For example, there was the occasion in October, 1953, on which Dulles opposed Winston Churchill's call for a summit conference, which he called a soporific that could easily lead to a collapse of the western defense effort. When Churchill then proposed that he go alone to Moscow, Dulles told him he would be looked upon as a middleman. And Dulles promised, if Churchill would delay such a trip, that he would see if he could persuade the President to attend a summit meeting when the time was more propitious. Mr. Eisenhower eventually went to Geneva in mid-1955 partly because of Dulles's recommendation that the trip would help Churchill's successor, Prime Minister Anthony Eden, win an election, as indeed it did.

Four Points of Obstinacy

Dulles's attitude toward the Soviet Union in particular and the Communist orbit in general—he is fond of talking about international Communism as a close-knit entity whose leaders direct their subjects all over the globe—is compounded of two factors:

One is his belief that if the western world, above all the United States, will only "wage peace" as avidly as it has waged war, the Soviet Union and its Communist appendages can be held in check (he avoids the Democratic word "containment") until internal pressures inside Russia bring about an evolution to a régime willing to live at peace with the rest of the world. Dulles used to talk about this evolutionary process taking effect within a decade. But of late he has said he did not know whether it would occur in a year, in ten years, or even in fifty years. Once provoked by Senate Democrats, Dulles rashly declared that western world "unity and firmness and resolution" already had forced the So-

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viets "to revamp their whole creed, from A to Z." The substance of this Dulles attitude is constantly damned by Moscow as "the position of strength" policy, a phrase the secretary inherited from Dean Acheson.

THE SECOND FACTOR in Dulles's attitude toward the Soviets is his belief that it is impossible to have "a meeting of minds" with the Communists.

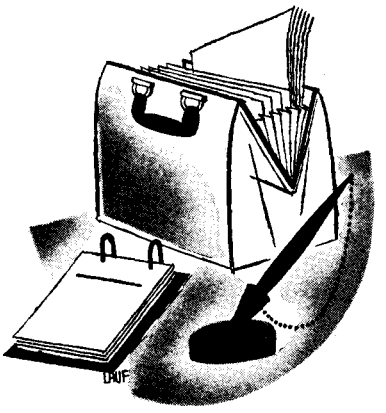
At the first Dulles press conference after the Zhukov rebuff was revealed in October, the secretary was asked his view of the efficacy of negotiations with the Russians at any time. He replied at length and with considerable emotion, dividing the problem as he saw it into these four points:

¶ It is "useful" for a Secretary of State to talk to a Soviet foreign minister "so that we understand each other's point of view" and "so that there will not be serious miscalculations." This was the single positive Dulles point. (The Dulles meeting at his Washington home with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko last fall fits this category. There were no propositions offered by either man; each sought only to make clear to the other where his government stood.)

¶ The United States must not "work alone with the Soviets," as they so often urge, for two reasons: it would be morally wrong to assume such an "overlordship" and to agree to "divide up the world"; it would "tend to alienate" our friends "and we might go down a path in the course of which we would have lost our friends and allies and then find that there was nothing but illusion at the end of that path." (Dulles's concern for the allies here does not square with his attitude that the United States, outside the NATO area, simply must not be hamstrung by policies tied to those of the colonial powers: Britain, France, Portugal, Belgium, Holland. This American dilemma—and Dulles is not the only one caught in it—was left unsolved at the recent NATO conference.)

¶ No agreement which the United States has ever made with the Soviet Union "has reflected a real meeting of the minds. We may have agreed on the same form of words," but words are interpreted differently on the two sides. The Soviets say they were not interfering "in internal affairs" when they crushed the Hungarian revolution. They agreed at the 1955 Summit Conference "that Germany should be reunified by means of free elections," but they reneged. "There is such a total lack of meeting of the minds."

¶ All negotiations are with the Soviet government, but in fact the



Communist Party runs that government. The 1933 Litvinov Agreement (pledging noninterference in American affairs, among other things) was "violated right away," and "they say" it was violated "by the Soviet Communist Party and you didn't make the agreement" with the party. Khrushchev proclaims that he is the head of the party, not the government, and he deals in that capacity with Socialist Parties in the non-Communist world. "So this is a very illusive business" trying to get an agreement that "binds" the party as well as the Soviet government.

THE ONLY logical conclusion from the Dulles analysis is that there should be no negotiations at all with the Soviets and only occasional talks to let the other fellow know where you stand, and vice versa. Seldom if ever has a leading world statesman presented such a negative view on the problem of dealing with his nation's chief adversary.

One point mentioned here by Dulles, the reference to the Summit Conference "agreement" on German reunification, bears further consideration. For beginning with these off-the-cuff press-conference remarks, Dulles built up to an international climax at the NATO Conference an amazing half-truth, or worse, to support his case against negotiations.

In a subsequent Chicago speech, in his BBC interview for Britain on the eve of the NATO meeting, in President Eisenhower's NATO Conference speech, and finally in the NATO communiqué itself, Dulles has repeated this tale. As stated in the communiqué, at a moment when the other government leaders must have been so busy on the paragraph about further negotiations that they let Dulles's justification for no negotiations slip in, it goes this way:

"At the Geneva Conference of heads of government in July, 1955, the Soviet leaders took a solemn commitment that 'the reunification of Germany by means of free elections shall be carried out in conformity with the national interests of the German people and the interests of European security.' We call upon the Soviet Government to honor this pledge."

In the Eisenhower NATO speech, Dulles had the President say that "Unhappily that promise has been repudiated at the cost of the international confidence which the Soviet rulers profess to desire."

As the Manchester *Guardian's* diplomatic reporter, Richard Scott, was the first to point out after the similar Dulles BBC broadcast, "This is the sort of shadowy half-truth which the Russians use so effectively in their own propaganda, and which sometimes causes less professional anti-Soviets than Mr. Dulles to despair of Soviet good faith." For, as Scott noted, all that was in fact agreed upon at Geneva was a Big Four directive to their foreign ministers "to continue the consideration" of the German question, and that the heads of government were agreed that both that question and German reunification by means of free elections should be settled "in conformity with the national interests of the German people and the interests of European security." This was, of course, a compromise between the western demand to give priority to Germany and the Soviet demand to give priority to a European security pact. Since neither side would give way to the other, both sides were "prepared to accept a form of words so vague as to mask their real continuing disagreement," as Scott put it. Every newsman who was at Geneva, this writer included,

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knows that to be the fact. And so does Dulles.

In his December Supreme Soviet speech, Khrushchev quoted from the Scott dispatch to rebut the Dulles accusation that the Soviet Union could not be trusted to honor any agreement. "So much," he said, "for Mr. Dulles's statements." This, in turn, was a half-truth from the other side. For as Walter Lippmann has written, the Soviet record shows that the Russians have honored those agreements having to do with such firm matters as geographic boundaries but not those which dealt in the vagaries of political concepts such as the wartime agreement on the future of Poland.

Stalling and More Stalling

John Foster Dulles has alternately been the world-wide symbol of reckless brinkmanship and of intransigent standpatism. In fact these two concepts are the two sides of the same coin, as can be seen from the Dulles four-point discussion itemized above. A more telling criticism is that of Lester B. Pearson in his Nobel Peace Prize lecture in Oslo.

"The main responsibility" for today's diplomatic rigidity and stalemate, Pearson said, "rests with the two great world powers, the United States and the U.S.S.R. No progress will be made if one side merely shouts 'co-existence'—a sterile and negative concept—and 'parleys at the summit,' while the other replies 'no appeasement'; 'no negotiation without proper proof of good faith.' "

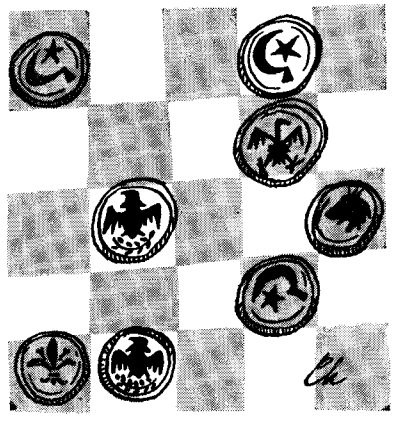
Neither the President nor Dulles would, of course, concede openly his flat opposition to any negotiation with the Soviet Union, however close Dulles has come to stating it. Currently, the official American theme is, as the President put it in his post-NATO radio-TV address, that what is needed to start the world on the road to peace is some "clear evidence of Communist integrity and sincerity."

Such platitudes, irrelevant at best, are part of the current Dulles effort to stall any new negotiations with Moscow. Probably Dulles feels that at a minimum there must be no giving in to the formidable allied pressures for talks until the lagging American missile program is much farther along, a matter of a couple of years. His current tactic is to contend that the NATO communiqué's offer of a foreign ministers' conference with the Soviets is a procedural matter only; that is, it would be held only to decide how to start up again the stalled disarmament talks.

The President's State of the Union Message, while stressing that military strength alone is not enough, followed the Dulles line. Despite his call for a continuation of the disarmament talks, the speech left the impression that the President agreed with Dulles that the United States must first rebuild its defenses, both military and economic, before entering any new round of negotiation.

Dulles's testimony to the House Foreign Affairs Committee and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in the first days of the new Congress followed the pattern in rejecting any approach to negotiation except at the ambassadorial level.

Actually, what Dulles fears is not another round of disarmament talks of the London type, because he doesn't believe they would get anywhere. What he fears is that any talks would lead to consideration of the Polish proposal for a "nuclear free zone" covering the two Germanies plus Poland and Czechoslovakia. Talks of this nature might



then lead to discussing the neutralizing of West Germany and the loosening if not the complete breaking of the Bonn tie to NATO.

THERE ARE, however, faint rumblings in Washington which indicate that American policy on such proposals may, at some still indefinite time, be subject to change. A great deal is likely to depend on how the Kremlin plays its game. At the moment, the Soviet leaders act like men who believe they have the other side on the run, and hence they are asking for everything they can think of and rejecting the initial NATO overtures in the belief that they can get better terms. They probably can, if they don't carry the game too far. Months of haggling between East and West seem to be in prospect with a foreign ministers' conference of some sort the result, probably before 1959.

If the pressures became too great, Dulles would accept such a conference. Complete intransigence would put too much of the West's bargaining power in non-American hands, and Dulles certainly does not want the allies to be running the show.

At best, assuming John Foster Dulles remains Secretary of State, the world seems to be in for something that is only a slight improvement over what Pearson termed the "folly," of expecting "quick, easy or total solutions." And "even greater folly," in his words, would be "to do nothing, to sit back, answer missile with missile, insult with insult, ban with ban."

Ironically, what Dulles and the administration are seeking to practice today is the old Democratic policy of "containment" that the Republicans lambasted in the 1952 Presidential campaign. And Dulles is having even less success in implementing his 1952 promise of "liberation" of the satellites.

As of now there are few signs that the Democrats have themselves given up containment. Certainly Harry Truman and Dean Acheson endorse it as strongly as ever. The Congressional Democrats are uncertain and divided over what course should be taken; the most they can agree on is to attack the administration in general and Dulles in particular.

Never in recent decades has there been so much gloom compounded by confusion in Washington over American foreign policy. Dulles himself may be sacrificed, but even a new Secretary of State could not turn American policy around on a dime. The best that can be said is that the crust of complacency has been broken and the period of self-criticism and soul searching has set in.

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Figuring the Early Odds On the Democratic Candidates

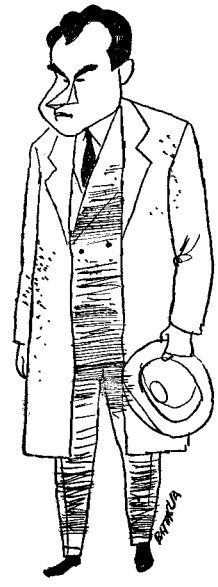
DAVID DEMAREST LLOYD

EVEN THE POSSIBILITY that Richard Nixon will spend some time in the White House before becoming the Republican standard bearer does little to darken Democratic confidence about the 1960 election. Ingenious as Nixon may be, and redoubtable as he is in his mastery of the chess game of public appeal, actually being President would bring him certain handicaps as well as obvious advantages. Barring a miracle, the state of public affairs is liable to be much worse at the end of Eisenhower's second term than it is now at its beginning, and barring another miracle, Nixon will have to carry the consequences on his back into the campaign of 1960. Furthermore, if Nixon becomes President before 1960, a Democratic Congress is not going to let him be happy in the office or help him impress the electorate with his achievements.

The handicaps that Nixon will carry into the campaign may thus be estimated in advance, but who his Democratic challenger will be is far more difficult to predict. The Democratic Party is teeming with candidates, but very few of them have the gloss of public recognition that this age of TV politics seems to require as a *sine qua non* of selection.

INDEED, this requirement of public glamor raises some vital questions, not only as to the selection of a Democratic candidate but also as to ultimate Democratic success in 1960. Some experienced political observers, relying on the experience of the last two Presidential campaigns, have gone so far as to say that the party label has little importance any more and that elections are decided on the basis of personalities, with the best-known personality having an almost insuperable advantage. Eisenhower succeeded, it is contended, because his personal fame was, so to speak, prefabricated.

But it would be a mistake to conclude from this that the party concept and pattern have lost their grip, and that the party label is a negligible factor. If the public feels in 1960 that the Republican administration has been discredited, or if it believes that the nation is facing a crisis, domestic or foreign, that can be handled only by the kind of vigorous executive action that Wilson, Roosevelt, and Truman have identified with the Democratic Party, party labels may well be decisive. Thus, the greater the national distress in 1960, the less the Democratic convention will be swayed in its choice by the degree of public recognition attained by its various contenders for the nomination. It is well to remember that in the nation's darkest hour, in 1860, the Republican Convention selected a comparatively obscure and notably unsuccessful politician. One reason certainly was that by the time that convention met it was almost mathematically certain that whoever it nominated would be the next President. Times have changed since, and TV and radio have made us a different political world, but not completely.



The more the choice becomes a party affair, rather than a matter to be decided by the currents of popular appeal, the more important are the traditions of the party and its taste in candidates. If we look at the last fifty years of the Democratic Party, its successful Presidential candidates have certain common characteristics. There is a Democratic Presidential type, however varied in personality Wilson, Roosevelt, and Truman may have been. If we examine the nine leading Democratic possibilities of the moment they have certain characteristics in common, and a composite portrait will conform to the general outlines of the Democratic Presidential type.

Nine Possibilities

The nine to be examined are, in alphabetical order: Harriman, Humphrey, Lyndon Johnson, Kefauver, Kennedy, Meyner, Stevenson, Symington, and G. Mennen Williams. Not all these men are consciously and deliberately in the race, nor do they have equal chances of being chosen. They are, however, the men most talked about as possibilities, both in the press and in gatherings of the faithful. Some of them have announced they would not be available, while others are making vigorous efforts to attract the lightning. But regardless of their intentions, avowed or concealed, their party, at this stage of the game three years in advance, is entitled to study and weigh them and to talk about them, and it is doing so.

There are probably others, senators like Clark of Pennsylvania or Kerr of Oklahoma, governors like Freeman of Minnesota or Leader of Pennsylvania, all waiting in the wings of history, but they are today the darkest of horses, and only an unforeseeable chain of events could bring them to the forefront of the discussion. In any event, their characteristics will not materially alter the main outlines of the composite portrait of the next Democratic Presidential candidate.

FIRST OF ALL, the Democratic nominee will be classifiable as a liberal in his personal political philosophy. The term has varying degrees of intensity, but there is no Presidential possibility in the Democratic ranks

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today who is at odds with the political and social gospel of Franklin D. Roosevelt, although his performance may have varied from that norm to some extent because of local pressures or individual quirks.

Second, the Democratic nominee, judging by most of the possibilities before us, will be a person whose economic status will lie in the upper bracket between substantial means and great wealth, or he will belong to the first families in his home community, or both. There are some exceptions: Wilson was a member of the teaching profession.

The Democratic nominee will also be a practicing politician—a civilian politician, if we must be precise, and not a military one. He will have won and held public office, and in most cases have built up a political organization loyal to him.

Another common characteristic of the Democratic possibilities is intellectual attainment, or at least intellectual ability and curiosity of a high order. If they have not all written books or been Phi Beta Kappas—and some of them have—they have all engaged men of intellect or relied on them in their enterprises. In short, the next Democratic candidate will probably be a well-to-do liberal politician or officeholder, with brains. This sort of a civilian personality, articulate and traditionally political, may well express the swing of the popular pendulum away from the mystique of the glorified military commander and father image.

Harriman and Experience

Of the leading Democratic possibilities, Harriman alone has personal ties that link him with Roosevelt. F.D.R. chose him to lead the Lend-Lease mission to Britain and to be ambassador to the Soviet Union, and he was a trusted aide in many of the crises of the war. Some of the other possibilities knew F.D.R. or did odd jobs for him, as Stevenson and Johnson did, but none at the same high level and with the same personal intimacy that Harriman enjoyed.

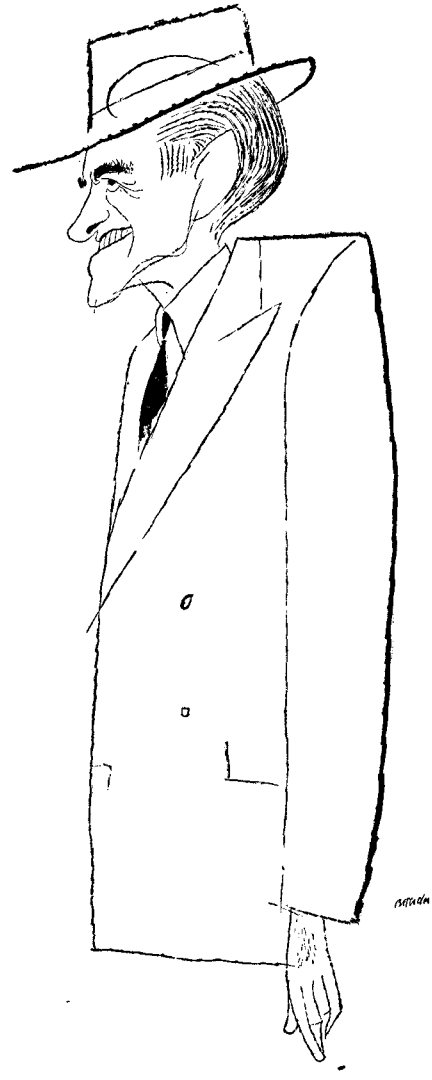
It is hard to decide whether this link with F.D.R. will be a significant factor in Harriman's favor. Perhaps our political life has finally emerged from the long shadow of F.D.R.'s influence, and his name has lost much of its magic. But it was an element in the choice of the two Presidents who have succeeded him—Truman was his Vice-President and Eisenhower owed his popularity to being Roosevelt's successful general in Europe—and it may still be effective with older citizens who remember the glories of the thirties and forties.

If it is an advantage today, it brings with it the corresponding disadvantage of age—Harriman will be sixty-nine in 1960, and thus older than any man ever elected President. If Eisenhower fails to finish his second term, the disadvantage may be insuperable. Harriman, at any rate, belies his years. He seems to be stabilized at a vigorous and handsome middle age, with tremendous vitality.

Harriman's experience in foreign affairs—the crucial posts he has held in both hot and cold wars—may prove his greatest asset. As the Eisenhower glow fades, public concern may concentrate on the issues of foreign affairs, defense, and the fate of the western world. In such a situation, the man who was ambassador to Russia, ambassador to Britain, one of the formulators of the Marshall Plan and its chief administrator in Europe, Presidential adviser on foreign aid, one of the chief architects of the Mutual Defense program and ultimately its administrator in Washington—such a man will have a substantial claim on public confidence.

In domestic policy, Harriman has identified himself unequivocally with most of the measures of the New Deal and Fair Deal. Labor leaders and farm leaders like what he stands for, and his administration of the State of New York, while not spectacular, seems to be enjoying a measure of confidence and esteem even in Republican areas. If he succeeds in winning a second term in 1958, as now seems likely, he will be placed inescapably in the arena of Presidential possibilities. A governor of New York is a serious contender for the nomination whether he wants to be or not. And most of them want to be—ghosts of past successes haunt the Executive Mansion in Albany and whisper continually of the Presidency.

In some ways, however, it is easier



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to imagine Harriman as a President than as a successful Presidential candidate. As an executive, he has a cold intellectual quality and he drives his staff without mercy. As a President he would be a mature, deliberate driving force, and the Executive branch would again feel the lash applied to its back from the White House. But these characteristics of drive and intensity do not make for charm and personal magnetism. While Harriman has overcome the diffidence and reserve that marked his earliest public appearances, he is still at his best in a small meeting rather than on a platform.

Humphrey Matures

Hubert Humphrey, our next possibility in alphabetical order, is miles apart from Harriman in personality and background, yet still within the outlines of our Democratic composite. A pharmacist in his youth (his brother still runs the family drugstore in Huron, South Dakota), Humphrey has no background of wealth or social prominence. He became a teacher of political science in St. Paul, and went from that directly into a meteoric career in politics, being elected mayor of Minneapolis in 1945 and U.S. senator in 1948.

Humphrey was the spearhead of the group of young and liberal amateurs who reformed and revitalized the Democratic Party in Minnesota, driving the Communists out of the Farmer-Labor Party and uniting it successfully with the Democratic Party on an unequivocally liberal foundation. This success has inspired and invigorated liberal Democrats in Wisconsin and the Dakotas and other nearby states, and Humphrey is, in a sense, a regional leader of great personal influence. Nationally he was part of the original A.D.A. movement, serving as the national chairman of that organization in 1949, and he has always operated successfully in a coalition of labor, farm interests, and intellectuals. Personally bright, witty, and charming, he has the common touch, and is by all odds the party's most accomplished extemporaneous stump speaker. As head of the ticket, he could wage a spirited campaign.

Initial fears that he might be flighty or extremist in high office have been dispelled by his record in the Senate. He has adapted himself loyally to the rules of "The Club," and won the esteem of his fellows there of all persuasions. He has acquired experience in international affairs as a members of the Foreign Relations Committee. His bid for

the Vice-Presidential nomination in 1956 fizzled miserably, but this appears to have been the result of poor management and bad guesswork. The persistent "farm revolt" in the Midwest adds greatly to his chances for 1960.

Those who dislike Humphrey find him too radical or too brash, or lacking in the sober dignity a Presidential candidate should have. These alleged defects may be impressions surviving from the early impact of his career on the popular mind. As far as his "radicalism" is concerned, he stands in the old Midwestern pattern and is closer to La Follette or Norris, without their isolationism, than he is to the liberals of New York or Washington. But there is no doubt that he is more given to the loquacity and wit of political debate than he is to the brooding silences of statesmanship. Ever since his dramatic speech for civil rights in the Democratic convention of 1948 he has been supposed to be a "red rag" to the South, but he is no more so than most of the other Presidential possibilities. If he were better known outside his own region, his chances for the nomination would be brighter.

Is Johnson Finished?

After Little Rock, it may appear ridiculous to list Lyndon Johnson as a Presidential possibility. Few Southerners, even if they have spotless records on the race issue, would now seem to have a chance with the urban Negro vote. Furthermore, the current ruling sentiment in the Northern wing of the party is that the South need not be placated as it was in 1952 and 1956. Segregationist frenzy has driven it up a political blind alley, where it cannot go Republican and can expect no gains from a third-party secession. The strategy will probably be to leave the South alone, let it simmer in its own juice, avoid unnecessary insult, and count its electoral votes in the Democratic column.

Yet if through some unforeseen unfolding of events Johnson could be freed of the handicap of his Southern label on the race issue, he might be a serious contender. And it might not take supernatural intervention to do this. Johnson brought about the passage of a civil-rights bill, imperfect though it may have been, without a Senate filibuster, and this was certainly a man-made miracle. He is one of the most remarkable Congressional leaders of our time. His very success as the master of compromise and coalition in the Senate has obscured public recognition of his gifts of intellect and personality. He dominates his fellows not only through his superior horse-trading sense but also by forceful clarity of vision and a breadth and quickness of mind. As a young liberal Congressman from Texas in the late thirties, he was one of Roosevelt's protégés. His underlying beliefs have probably not changed much since that time, although their expression has been adapted to the exigencies of keeping his footing in the Texas of Allan Shivers and Seth Richardson, and of holding the Democratic

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senators together. He has a mastery of those personal arts of political bargaining and political intrigue which Lincoln exercised so brilliantly and so secretly to become and remain President, and which were a part of F.D.R.'s armory. Johnson's personal economic status and his intellectual capacity are other factors that fit him into the outlines of our Democratic composite.

On the negative side, he has said he would not be a candidate, and it is hard to believe that a "draft Lyndon" movement would ever attract much support. Furthermore, with the public made health-conscious by Eisenhower, Johnson's heart condition might prove a serious political handicap.

Liberal resistance to Johnson is not only deep and stubborn but in some cases almost hysterical. Its intensity is out of proportion to any offense Johnson may have given personally to liberal leaders. It springs rather from a deep distrust of Johnson's connections with the powerful oil interests in Texas, and from his influence over the Southern elders whose seniority has put them at the top of the committee apparatus in the Senate. The bitter truth is that without such connections and influence Johnson could not survive in the Senate and be its master, and with them he cannot command the confidence and affection of the Northern liberal wing.

Kefauver's Dilemma

Kefauver, who has derived from past campaigns the advantage of being very well known nationally, fits into the Democratic composite by being a solid champion of the application of reason and intelligence to our social problems. Indeed, his voting record is one of the most nearly perfect in the Senate from the liberal point of view. His campaigns, with their air of corn-fed simplicity, have, oddly enough, rather diminished public appreciation of his qualities of mind and his devotion to principles. Some have called him a "self-made lowbrow." Most people have forgotten the earnest young Congressmen who worked with Senator "Young Bob" La Follette to reform the machinery of Congress. By virtue of his record and the enmity of the Southern conservatives, he has all but escaped the Southern stigma. Yet he has another handicap that may prove insurmountable. His Senate term expires in 1960 (as do Humphrey's and Johnson's) and he will therefore have to choose between running for re-election or staking everything on a Presidential bid, which in view of past frustrations he may be unable or unwilling to do.

While Kefauver still has a band of devoted followers around the country, no trivial asset in pre-convention maneuverings, he also has the undying enmity of the veteran organization leaders in state after state where his preferential primary invasions have sown discord and revolt. The organization men would be as opposed to him in 1960 as they were in 1952 and 1956.

Kennedy, the Boy Wonder

Kennedy is the youngest of the possibilities. Now only thirty-nine, he possesses personal charm to the point of winsomeness. If youth is needed to counteract the appeal and vitality of Nixon, the Democratic Party has a far more personable candidate in Jack Kennedy.

The fact that Kennedy is a Catholic may prove the unanswerable objection to his candidacy. There is much speculation about the abatement of religious intolerance since the days of Al Smith, and the Southern votes which Kennedy received in the 1956 convention are often pointed to as evidence that the South has changed on this issue. In point of fact, these votes were more probably spite votes against Kefauver than anything else. However, the South is no longer the crucial aspect of the question. Catholic obstruction of Federal aid to public schools and friction between Catholic public officials and local public education systems in community after community have left fresh wounds on the body politic. It would not be surprising to find that opposition to a Catholic candidacy is as strong as ever, based this time not so much on blind religious prejudice as on an open clash over public policy.

Kennedy has done a good deal to build up a personal following of vigorous young Democrats in the Massachusetts party. His achievements are not of the same magnitude as Humphrey's or G. Mennen Williams's, but he has appealed to the same groups—and he has won some real victories over the Old Guard. He is at home with labor and with the intellectuals, and his only major rift is with the farmers, which is a bar to his popularity in the West. He is, however, a worthy exponent and standard bearer of the Democracy of New England.

He fits further into the Democratic pattern by virtue of his economic and social standing. His father's fortune stands behind him in his bid for national prominence, and the results may be apparent in the growing stream of publicity about him. On the other hand, his leap to fame has been so sudden that it has generated a sort of stubborn resistance.

What Does Meyner Think?

Meyner's triumphant re-election places him firmly in the running as an exceptional vote getter, a good administrator, and a liberal Democrat with sound labor and Negro

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backing. His record and personality are entirely acceptable to the middle-of-the-roaders in New Jersey and they have also drawn the endorsement and vigorous support of the A.D.A. His handicap for 1960 is what might be in other less turbulent years his greatest asset, namely that he has no record on the greater national and international issues. Stevenson was chosen in 1952 largely because of his record as governor —but he had a background of Washington in wartime, the U.N., and a lifelong interest in foreign affairs, so that he met the larger non-domestic issues with familiarity and handled them with competence. Governors have usually been given the edge over senators in races for the nomination, not only because they controlled their state delegations but also because they have not had to vote and take sides on the non-local issues, and so have offended fewer people. But this normal advantage may be just the opposite in a time when the overshadowing issues are defense, alliances, and international conflict. Meyner, unlike Stevenson, has no record to point to in these matters, and no experience of debating them as senators have. Meyner's views on these problems may be unexceptionable, but he needs to impress the voters that he can handle them, which is another matter.

As a governor, Meyner has shown himself a gifted politician, willing to use brains in his administration, capable of building his own organization, a brilliant campaigner, and loath to give offense simply for the purpose of getting headlines or making a point. If the competition were less severe he would, as a successful governor of New Jersey, stand more to the fore than he now does. The fact that he was once a Catholic and is one no longer, which is often supposed to be fatal, does not seem to have hurt him in New Jersey.

Don't Forget Stevenson

Stevenson, who fits our pattern almost perfectly, says he is not in the running, but there are some among his followers who have not given up hope, and the party could probably draft him if it wanted to. His hazardous enterprise of helping John Foster Dulles straighten out our foreign policy does not appear to have damaged either him or his party. By and large, working with the incumbent administration in a bipartisan effort is not fatal to the partisan. Instead it may boost the political fortunes of the outsider, and Stevenson's prestige may have been materially aided by the connection.

Nevertheless, the odds against a successful draft-Stevenson movement are still monumental. The trouble is not only the taint of defeat that would infect his campaign. Any Presidential campaign is an organizational shambles, leaving behind it scores of broken hearts, people nursing insults and bruises from tripping over crossed wires and bumping into heartless managers. The Stevenson campaigns of 1952 and 1956 were even worse than the average, however, and there are lots of mutterings of the "never again" variety from the faithful sufferers. Some of the pain has been rationalized into doubt about the executive capacity and wisdom of the candidate himself.

Symington and Defense

With Symington we return to the Senate. Here we have a possibility who fits the pattern very closely, a

man of standing and personal means who came into politics from industry out of a real interest and concern with public affairs. His voting record, like Kefauver's, is impeccable from the New Deal-Fair Deal point of view. He is a bright and charming personality, not notably articulate in debate but winning and convincing. His successes with committees of Congress when he held administrative posts under Truman are legendary. He has the enthusiastic support of the party organization in Missouri and seems assured of a rousing victory in his re-election campaign next fall.

What is most in his favor, however, in his persistent devotion to the cause of national defense. His voice has been raised incessantly for a greater urgency and zeal in protecting the state against its foreign foes. Such devotion can be rewarded by a grateful nation even when it failed to take the advice. Symington has spoken from his experience as Secretary of the Air Force, and the recent dramatic fulfillment of his warnings has already done much to make him more prominent.

Those who oppose Symington as a candidate point to his failure to make any impression in the Vice-Presidential balloting at the 1956 convention, and contend that his undeniable personal charm is not supported by more substantial qualities of mind. Others think of him as a "one-issue" man, and make a handicap of his single-minded emphasis on national defense. His asset of being from a border state may be less valuable than it seems if the Southern wing is relegated to the shadows in the 1960 convention. In any case, like many of the others, he needs to be more widely known.

Williams and Labor

G. Mennen Williams comes at the end of the list only because of alphabetical position. He is a political phenomenon of the first water. Another man of substance with excellent mental equipment, he came into politics as part of that whole movement of the liberal amateurs that was expressed in the A.D.A. In those days, Michigan had returned to the Republican fold, and the industrial workers of Detroit beat their wings in vain against an entrenched Republican hierarchy. Williams, slowly and persistently, has worked a political revolution. Practically all state offices are now in Democratic hands. Williams's success is due not only to his own gifts as a campaigner—he

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is fabulous, particularly in his relations with the so-called "nationality groups"—but to his organization of a dedicated group of political workers around him. These are exceptionally able people—like the group around Humphrey in Minnesota—but with an even greater *esprit de corps*. Their techniques have become the model which the Democratic National Committee has presented to Democrats in other states. Such organizing ability speaks well for the Michigan governor's qualities of leadership.

Williams's handicaps in the Presidential race are like Meyner's—the absence of a record on the larger national issues and a personality that is not very well known outside his own state. Moreover, organized labor as a whole may have an unhappy taint in 1960, arising from the uproar about union corruption, and Williams's labor alliance may weigh heavily against him in the national scales. The irony in this would lie in the fact that Williams has been allied with the "good guys" and that his worst fights have been with leaders like Hoffa. But public misconceptions go beyond the boundaries of fact. Strange rumors are afloat about Williams, such as the one that he is a tool of Walter Reuther or that he is driving industry out of the state. In addition, Williams's devout espousal of civil rights is supposed to make him totally unacceptable to the South. Whether this will be much of a drawback in 1960 remains to be seen.

BEFORE ALL these candidates arises the dread problem of participation in the state Presidential primaries before they come to the convention in 1960. These primaries are undoubtedly "eyewash" as far as making a judicious choice is concerned. Their prizes all too frequently go to the best-financed and most relentless campaigners. They are an expensive, exhausting, and lacerating process, with results far less responsive to national party sentiment than convention balloting. Yet the test they provide will have to be undergone, if for no other reason than that they help to manufacture the public recognition and popular glamor that most of the Democratic aspirants now lack.

A New Cheer Leader For the Tories

CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

LONDON

ALTHOUGH the votes lost by the Conservatives in by-elections in the past year and a half or so have not necessarily been gained by Labour, if the current trend is not decisively reversed it is a matter of simple arithmetic that the Conservative government will be overwhelmingly defeated at the next general election. Last September two major steps were taken to stop the trend. One was the government's declaration of war on inflation through the raising of the bank rate; the other was the appointment of Lord Hailsham as chairman of the Conservative Party.

Lord Hailsham, a man of a vigorous fifty, is the son of a Lord Chancellor of Baldwin's day and the grandson on his mother's side of Judge Trimble Brown of Nashville, Tennessee. After attending Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, he went to the bar. He first stood for Parliament when he was just over thirty, at a by-election at Oxford in the autumn of 1938. It happened to be the first by-election after the Munich agreement. Hailsham—or Quintin Hogg as he was then called—stood as an uncompromising supporter of Munich and Neville Chamberlain, and was elected after a hard fight against a strong opponent. He served overseas in the army during most of the war, but when he was at home he found time to join a small group of young Conservatives, known as the Tory Reformers, who from the backbenches urged progressive policies on Churchill's wartime government.

Hailsham held his seat at Oxford in the Conservative debacle of 1945, and he was for a few years one of the most vigorous critics of the Labour government in the postwar Parliament. But he soon resigned his seat on the Conservative front bench and made his criticisms independently—he dissociated himself from his party in his refusal to vote against the National Health Scheme. His father's death in 1950 compelled him to move, reluctantly, from the Commons to the House of Lords.

In the Lords, Hailsham did not play a very active part, and when Churchill formed a government in 1951 Hailsham was not in it.

Shortly before the Suez attack, Eden reshuffled his government and made Hailsham First Lord of the Admiralty. Hailsham held that post during Suez and proved himself one of the most uncompromising of the government's spokesmen, winning for himself an especial notoriety by a speech in which he confessed that for the first time in his life he could not be proud that his mother was an American.

When Macmillan succeeded Eden, he moved Hailsham to the less controversial post of Minister of Education, and there he remained until last September, when he was made Lord President of the Council. Two days later he was named chairman of the party.

THE CHAIRMAN of the party is its business manager. It is a party post and is usually held by a politician who is not himself a minister of the Crown. Hailsham, however, combines his chairmanship with a seat in the cabinet, though since he is a lord, he cannot take part in debate in the Commons.

Macmillan has been generally successful in imposing himself on the House of Commons. But he and his government have been very much less successful in imposing their personalities on the country. It is to remedy this defect that Hailsham has been appointed.

He is a tubby, untidy little man, his necktie all too often so loosely fastened that his collar stud is visible behind it. He is impressive for his vigor rather than his dignity. But the most important point about

(Continued on page 32)

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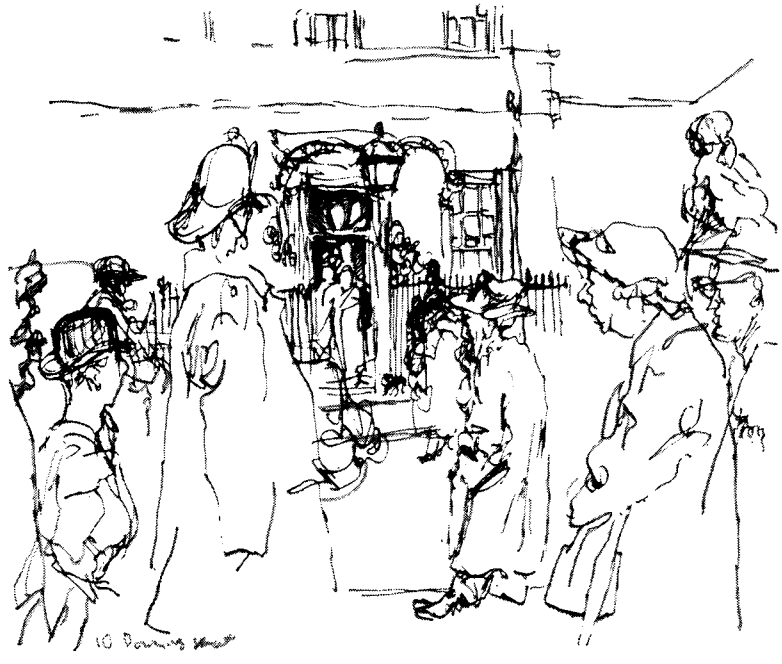

TOPOLSKI's CHRONICLE

II. The British Conservatives

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him—and certainly the point that he would most wish to have stressed—is that he is a profoundly religious man, a very devout Anglican communicant. Not even his sternest critics would dream of casting a doubt on his integrity. On the other hand, his religion has an avowedly evangelical quality. He is an extraordinarily excitable and enthusiastic speaker, but his reactions are unpredictable and he is not always wholly in control of his language. It comes all too easily to him to identify the cause of Christianity with any cause that he is espousing. "The end of the Conservative Party," he told the Conservative conference at Brighton in October, "is not merely the preservation of political institutions, though we are devoted to them, or an economic system of free enterprise, though we believe in it. The end of the Conservative Party is the conservation of that deposit of faith, that living experience which came here with Columba and Augustine fourteen centuries ago." It was, I think, news to most of the delegates, and one wondered how many of them were quite clear who Columba and Augustine were.

Getting in the Swim

Yet Hailsham, with all his bubbling excitability, is a very able debater. He has also the gift of attracting publicity. His first public appearance as party chairman was at the Brighton conference, and he stole the show. The sea in October in England is, for most people's taste, a great deal too cold for bathing, but nothing was going to daunt Hailsham. Every morning of the conference he carried his tubby little paunch and ill-fitting bathing trunks down to the English Channel before breakfast and, upon emerging from the sea, cried out to the waiting journalists, "I have come here to swim and I am going to swim." His scantily clad form appeared in every picture paper in the land.

When the conference chairman rang a bell to signify the end of a speech, Hailsham seized the bell and cried out, "Ring it more loudly! Let it ring for victory!" Of course it all went down very well. The papers were full of it, but more serious Conservatives reflected that the situation was certainly not one that called for joy bells. The winning of victory had not even begun, and when in the next week there was a by-election at Ipswich, the figures were just as disastrous for the Conservatives as those of the by-election at Gloucester that preceded the conference. Even the two recent elections in Leicester and Garston, which the Conservatives won, are no reason for joy bells, since these districts are considered "safe" for the Conservatives.

Not that Hailsham imagines the tides can be turned or elections won by antics with a dinner bell. He also delivered an important and serious speech at the conference, which won the tumultuous applause of the delegates. For a day or two there was talk about a new form of Conservativism called Hailshamism that was going to save the soul of the party. But such talk soon died down. Indeed, Hailsham himself was energetic in killing it.

When people came to analyze Hailsham's speech, it was not quite so certain whether it had done the Conservative cause good or harm. It was noticed that he had made a very long speech but had failed to mention the name of Prime Minister Macmillan. It was something of an omission. Secondly, he had gone out of his way to deliver a slashing attack on "the demands without restraint" of trade-union leaders—or at any rate, as he subsequently explained, of some trade-union leaders. "I believe," he said, "they would drive the qualified, the young, and the vigorous to migrate, and leave the aged at home deprived of their savings by a depreciated currency to meditate at leisure upon the loss of British freedom and greatness."

This was well enough at a Conservative conference and it brought the house down. But Iain Macleod, the Minister of Labour, was sitting just behind Hailsham when he made his speech, and his face showed no signs of sharing the general enthusiasm.

The truth is that the country's survival depends on holding inflation, and that if inflation is to be held, wage claims must be resisted. Among trade-union leaders are many wise and moderate men. Furthermore, the financial position of the unions themselves is far from strong. For both reasons there is ground for hope that we shall get through without crippling trouble, but it is all touch and go. Iain Macleod understands very well that precisely because it will so often be necessary to say "No," it is important not to aggravate the situation beforehand by wild criticism, and there are strong rumors that Macmillan, at the insistence of some of his colleagues, has given Hailsham a sharp warning to show greater restraint in the future.

Is Hailsham more of an asset or a liability to his party in his present position? There are those who say bluntly that Macmillan made a mistake. With his robust jingo speeches, runs the argument, Hailsham wins the applause of the already convinced. But these people would vote Conservative anyway. It is true that they have been abstaining in recent by-elections in ominously large numbers. But at a general election, when it is a question of choosing whether there is to be a Labour or a Conservative government over the next five years, such people will turn out and vote Conservative, if only as the lesser evil. Meanwhile Hailsham is the last person in the world, as he lays about him with his stout stick, who is likely to win over votes from the Socialists or the Liberals. It may well be that if the Conservatives and Liberals could run together they might win. Unfortunately, Hailsham is even more unpopular with the Liberals than with the Socialists.

The Façade and the Faithful

Why, then, did Harold Macmillan appoint Hailsham? Macmillan has been playing a very curious game since he became Prime Minister. At the time of Suez he was one of the first of the members of the cabinet to see that Anthony Eden's policy had gone off at half cock. He was then Chancellor of the Exchequer and it was, according to report, his memorandum that told the Prime Minister most bluntly that a continuance of the expedition would inevitably lead to a collapse of the pound and that it must be called off at once. Yet whether the Suez policy was or was not on balance popular with the British public, it was wildly popular with those die-hard and dedicated Conservatives who make up

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the Conservative constituency associations throughout the country and on whom the party relies for the daily spade work between elections without which success on election day is not to be gained. Even now, these people have not understood the full extent of the failure of the Eden policy. Macmillan's plan has been rather to pursue the liberal policy of co-operation with America that is demanded by events but at the same time to conceal as far as possible from his own supporters his change of policy behind a façade of jingo oratory.

He has kept in office Selwyn Lloyd, the foreign secretary during Suez, while seeing to it that in fact Lloyd has no influence over policy. So far this policy has not met with much success; recent Gallup polls have shown Macmillan as quite substantially the most unpopular prime minister of recent times. Can Hailsham redress the balance? He has been put into office not so much to influence policy as to inject spirit into the hearts of the party's supporters, so many of whom, to use Hailsham's phrase, have "gone sour."

PUBLIC RELATIONS of course has its importance, but it is doubtful whether the country is at the moment in a mood to be influenced by publicity stunts, or indeed even by political oratory. There has seldom been a time in British history when party politics aroused less enthusiasm than now and when the prestige of politicians of all parties stood lower. What the public wants to know of any government is whether it is able to stop the steady rise in prices, and it will judge any government today not by words but by performance.

Macmillan seems to recognize this. Last fall's Parliamentary session was by general agreement one of the least eventful ever known. It has been a deliberate policy of Macmillan to keep the temperature as low as possible. The Labour opposition, itself divided, lacks the tactical skill to bring him to battle. Oratory therefore is not especially useful in Parliament or in the country at large at the moment. The place where it is required is in the meetings of the party's workers. It is to satisfy that requirement that Hailsham has been appointed.

The Improbable Coalition That Governs Austria

JOHN MacCORMAC

VIENNA

IS A DICTATORSHIP not a dictatorship if it is a two-party one with the tacit support of its people? Can a country that for twelve years has given it such support call itself a democracy?

Austria, recently renowned for its vigorous resistance to external totalitarian pressures, is today asking itself with some anguish of soul whether it has succumbed to them at home. If it has it is because the twelve-year-old People's Party-Social-

ist coalition—an institution originally improvised to meet outside dangers—ironically has itself grown into a danger.

Present-day Austria, which was born by Caesarean section of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, spent its first thirty years seeking itself, and did not succeed until 1955, after ten years of tenacious resistance to Russian Communism backed by Red Army occupation. On the day in May, 1955, when Austria regained its sovereignty, it discovered that it had acquired for the first time a strong feeling of separate Austrian nationality. A year ago, in a spontaneous reaction to Soviet Russia's barbarous suppression of the Hungarian revolution, Austria found its heart.

Not counting the cost in money or risk, the Austrians opened their arms and homes to the refugees who streamed across their frontiers. They had accepted neutrality as part of the price of their state treaty. They could not engage in military adventures. Unlike the United States, they had not incurred any moral responsibility by broadcasting resistance propaganda and pledging help. They were accused by Moscow and Budapest of contravening their neutrality and were threatened darkly with the eventual consequences. But whatever the government might have preferred, the people were not prepared to be that neutral. So night after night, Vienna's university students traveled to the Hungarian frontier. There they shone torches on Austrian flags so that the shivering refugees who had to make their way across the Einser Canal could know when they had reached a haven. They waded into the swamps along the canal to lead refugees to warmth and dry clothes. There are still refugees in Austria—eight thousand from Hungary and nearly twenty thousand from Yugoslavia—and on Austria still falls the burden of caring for them.

A Nation of Joiners

But to keep heart and soul together a country needs a body politic, and Austria is still groping for a healthy one. Not that there has ever been any lack of politics, since Austria is perhaps the most highly politicized country in the world. It would be virtually impossible for a businessman, an engineer, an architect, a doctor, or a lawyer to function here without belonging to one political party or the other.

Collectively as well as individually, the Austrians are party-political. Austria is a country of clubs. An Austrian who wishes to commune with nature or to cultivate his garden lot on the outskirts of his city or to play cards or chess or football thinks first of joining a club where he can associate with others similarly inclined. If his father is a landlord he joins the Sons and Daughters

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of Landlords. If his parent is a butcher he applies for membership in the Sons and Daughters of Master Butchers. If he is a devotee of the great outdoors he joins either the Naturfreunde or the Alpenverein.

The point is that every single one of these clubs either has its own unique political coloring or exists in twin form, one Socialist, the other People's Party. The Sons and Daughters of Landlords, for instance, are People's Party. So are those lovers of nature who consort in the Alpenverein, or Alpine Club. But a member of the Naturfreunde, or Friends of Nature, is sure to be a Socialist. There are two nudist clubs in Vienna, and the writer has been solemnly assured that the People's Party is represented in one and the Socialists in the other.

Similarly, every Austrian newspaper represents some shade of political opinion. Though there are degrees of party affiliation, an independent newspaper in the American sense does not exist. The nearest thing to it Austria ever knew was the *Wiener Kurier* in the days when it was published by the United States occupation forces. Being independent of local politics, it could afford to publish the news without fear or favor, and thus achieved the largest circulation ever known in this country. Since it came into Austrian hands it has become just another Austrian newspaper.

The American-administered "Red-White-Red" radio program had an equal popularity in its time. By far its most beloved feature was *Der Watschenmann* (which might be roughly translated as "The Punching Bag"), which belabored bureaucracy and its sins. When the radio net was handed over to the Austrian government after the occupation ended, the public clamored for *Der Watschenmann's* continuance. But the experienced Austrian knew that the bureaucracy would find summary means to end it, and so—despite all promises to the contrary—it turned out. For the Austrian bureaucracy is as intolerant as it is omnipotent.

Its power is rooted in laws that have survived the demise of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire and which earned for the Hapsburg system the description "a police state modified by *Schlamperei* [slovenliness]." These laws, for instance, make it dangerous for an ordinary citizen to argue with, say, a garbage collector, since as an official the latter can charge the citizen with *Amtsehrenbeleidigung,* or "insulting official honor," and can give evidence in court that will always be accepted over that of the citizen if given on *Amtseid,* or official oath. They also enable Austrian courts to keep an accused in "examinative detention" for a year or more and then to release him without compensation if they cannot prove his guilt. (A man accused of burglarizing my office three years ago was actually so confined for eight months. Then he was released after some two thousand dollars found in his apartment and not accounted for satisfactorily had been confiscated by the court "to meet the costs of his detention.")

Austria's overpoliticization, the lack of an independent press, and the survival of the legal apparatus of a police state have aggravated the present situation. But the primary cause is an institution believed to be unique in Europe and perhaps the world, a coalition of Left and Right that has lasted twelve years, survived four general elections, and now adds up to what amounts to a two-party dictatorship ruling a corporative state.

A Split Down the Middle

When the People's Party and the Socialists agreed in 1945 to reconcile their differences in a coalition government, the decision was dictated not only by the exigencies of the present but by the hard realities of the past. Since it first became a republic in 1918, Austria had been divided politically almost straight down the middle. For either half to rule the whole by parliamentary means had proved impracticable. The attempt of the Christian Socialist Party, first under Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss and then under Kurt Schuschnigg, to prevail by the extra-parliamentary expedient of a dictatorship had proved a tragic failure, which left the country open to Nazi penetration and annexation.

THE DECISION of the People's Party —lineal descendants of the Christian Socialists—to form a coalition with the Social Democrats in 1945 was therefore hailed as a statesmanlike attempt to preserve Austria's integrity under occupation. It justified

itself when Austria regained its independence. But the continuance of the coalition is beginning to cause grave misgivings, even though the Austrian public has given no overt sign that it disapproves.

The question is what the public could do if it did disapprove. Under the Austrian system, not men but party tickets are elected. This deprives the public of direct control over its representatives and makes them subject to the direct control of the party chieftains. Theoretically the public could end the coalition

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only by voting either for the slightly Nazi-tinctured Austrian Freedom Party or the Communists or by giving a large majority of its votes to one of the two principal parties. A switch to one of the smaller parties is unthinkable, and the big parties have organized their supporters by fear or favors to a point where only a small floating vote remains.

THIS HAS BEEN possible because Austria's economic and political systems are intimately connected. All the basic industries—which constitute more than a fourth of all industry—are nationalized and largely under the control of a Socialist minister. So large a share of the remaining industry is owned or controlled by two big nationalized banks, the Credit Anstalt and the Laenderbank, that only about one-fourth of all corporations are strictly private enterprises. The two big banks combine investment and commercial functions, a practice forbidden by law in the United States or Great Britain, since the power to loan means the chance to own.

What private enterprise does exist in Austria functions without benefit of competition. Competition of the American type is a crime in Austria, forbidden by law as well as custom. Bargains are considered "unhealthy competition" both in a legal and a commercial sense. The guild system, which is designed to keep even the most marginal producer in business at the cost of the consumer, applies in full force only to domestic trade. The nationalized basic industries depend largely on the export market, where they must face world competition. One result in this land of contradictions is that the most efficient industries are the nationalized ones, such as the two big iron and steel complexes, the Alpine Montan and the VOEST. They produce some steel products more cheaply than anyone else in the world and have originated an oxygen-converter steelmaking process that has been widely imitated. On the other hand, Austrian phonograph-record makers, despite their advantage in the availability of subsidized opera and first-class orchestras and singers, sell their products for twice as much as an American must pay in the United States.

Superimposed over this framework is a system of "chamber government" with politico-economic powers. The Chambers of Commerce, Agriculture, and Labor not only have the power to prevent competi-

tion in practice but also to originate all economic legislation. They also decide it in collaboration with the coalition committee that supervises the horse trading between the two parties. The result comes cut-and-dried to Parliament for the rubber stamp, which Parliament, after much argument, never fails to give. As long as the coalition parties agree, the system works smoothly. When they don't it doesn't. For more than a week some years ago, all import and export trade ceased because of a Socialist-People's Party dispute.

The Case of Dr. Stanko Zorko

Is this democracy? Professor Franz Gschnitzer, state secretary in the Austrian Foreign Office and member of Parliament, gave expression not long ago to his fears for Austria's future: "When the power given by our constitution to the legislative bodies alone slips into the hands of organizations never designed for such a function and not qualified for it, that is not only a violation of the state order but an injury to democracy." In a reference to the power the political parties exercise not only over Parliament but the courts, he declared: "The judges must ask themselves, 'What use is our independence, our will to decide according to law and justice, when cases are arbitrarily withdrawn from our competence?' "

The cases the state secretary had in mind were probably those in which political corruption was a factor. There has been a long series of such scandals, in some of which ministers of the Austrian government were involved. Almost never have the courts succeeded in getting to the bottom of them. Almost invariably key witnesses or key documents have disappeared or bureaucrats have availed themselves of the privilege of "official secrecy."

There has recently been a trial in progress in Vienna which reads like pulp fiction but is believed to be sober fact. The defendants are some of the lesser figures in a scandal that netted a smuggling ring headed by one Dr. Stanko Zorko some millions of schillings in export premiums for nonexistent goods and led to the suicide of one of the examining judges, Dr. Norbert Gaertner, after he himself had been arrested for failure to prosecute some of the minor members of the ring. According to the most recent evidence in this three-year-old case, Gaertner had been receiving money from the Soviet occupation power, which had been involved in this as in similar smuggling and black-market scandals. It was also testified that when Zorko had fled with most of the proceeds of the frauds, the Russians —as his creditors—had revealed that he was in Paris. The Austrian economic police, thus tipped off, had planned to have him apprehended and extradited but were warned off by two ministers of the then Austrian government. The names of the two ministers were neither revealed nor asked for during the trial. The conclusion of the public was that each of them must have belonged to a different coalition party. An active opposition might mobilize public opinion against such roadblocks on the road of justice. In a permanent coalition, it is more practical to use political scandal for horse-trading purposes.

Permanent coalition government has not only made a dead letter of Austria's constitution but overloaded the country with an enormous and time-wasting bureaucracy. It is

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said here that in any government office you will find "a Red and a Black and a man who does the work." Holy Saint Proportius is said to be the patron saint of the coalition, a reference to the tenacity with which the two parties insist on being represented proportionately in every branch of government. Since this army of redundant employees exists, it is necessary to make work for them, which sometimes results in grotesque official procedures. If you import a car into Austria, for instance, you must be prepared to spend two days of your time having it entered for duty. You must follow the necessary documents as they pass from hand to hand, from desk to desk, from room to room, and from building to building. Then, before you can operate it, you must obtain not only a registration but a "type certificate" for it, and have the car specially photographed as if the mass production of automobiles had not been a fact these many years.

WHAT DO Austrian politicians think of their most typical product—the coalition and its system of *Proporz*? Professor Gschnitzer's warning has been quoted. But the chairman of Austria's short-circuited Parliament recently defended as progress the substitution of what he called the "party state" and "party-political parliamentarianism" for representative parliamentarianism. He argued thus: "The consistency with which the two major parties currently reach agreement on decisive issues and the established practice of ensuring this concurrence by a preceding pact are in perfect conformity with the domestic political conditions prevailing in Austria."

In an address delivered to Austro-Americans in New York during a recent visit, the Socialist Dr. Bruno Kreisky, like Professor Gschnitzer a state secretary in the Austrian Foreign Office, took a middle view. "In the coalition," he said, "stand on one side people who were in jail between 1934 and 1938 [the Socialists] and on the other those who put them there. Yet they work well together. I don't deny that the old situation could be conjured up again if the coalition should break down. Because everybody knows this, everyone wants it to endure, and the coalition parties are returned with such big majorities that we are almost ashamed, because these election results remind us of other types of elections elsewhere." He admitted that the bartering procedures of the coalition might constitute a serious danger to parliamentarianism but argued that "a truly Austrian solution" had been found for it in the fact that "each party has retained the right to act as opposition to the other."

The Ransom Scandal

If the two parties in Austria never knock each other out of the ring, they certainly punch each other all over it. Coalitions in other times in other countries have usually endured as long as the coalescing par-

ties could profess and practice a certain loyalty to each other. But the Austrian coalition might be likened to a clinch in which neither party ever ceases to hit, bite, and gouge. And punches are not pulled.

In the coalition government, the minister of interior, who controls the police, and the minister of justice are Socialists. Austria is still paying off in the form of goods the $150-million ransom the Soviet imposed as the price of its independence. At the present time, the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, the chief Socialist organ, seems to have backed the People's Party against the ropes by publishing facsimiles of letters indicating that its party organizers had traded the right of participating as middlemen in such ransom deliveries to certain firms in return for campaign contributions. The response of the People's Party had been to question loudly the official procedures by which such documents had come into the hands of the *Arbeiter Zeitung* and to create an "honor court" to investigate the case. But the man in the street had already concluded that the chief result of the revelations would be to strengthen the position of the Socialists in the eternal bargaining between the parties.

This seemed to be supported by the argument of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, based on its revelations, that since the People's Party must necessarily rely on businessmen for campaign contributions, it is unable to represent the consumer or to grapple with the inflation of prices in Austria. But Socialist ambition may well extend beyond coalition bargaining to the next elections. In 1953 the Socialists polled more votes than the People's Party although they elected one M.P. less. To improve its chances of coming to power in its own right, the party has replaced the ideological program of 1926 by a new one from which all reference to the dictatorship of the proletariat or class warfare has been eliminated and Marx has been put in his place as a gifted theoretician whose prediction about the ultimate division of the world into proletarians and capitalists has, however, not been fulfilled.

AT ISSUE lately in this bargaining have been two important questions. Should Socialist Vice-Chancellor Bruno Pitterman accompany People's Party Chancellor Julius Raab in his forthcoming mission to Moscow to obtain a remission of Austria's $150-million ransom? Should the socialization of Austrian finance and industry be watered down and the budget burden lightened by the sale to the public of capital stock in state enterprises? A beginning was made in 1956 when ten per cent of the capital of the two big nationalized banks was sold in the form of voting stock and thirty per cent in the form of nonvoting preferred stock. The nonvoting stock was sold to the general public. The voting stock was made available, on the other hand, only for interests affiliated with the two coalition parties. Two Socialist banks took forty per

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cent of this total and sold most of it to the Socialist trade unions. The purchase of both the voting and nonvoting stock turned out to be a good speculation, since it increased in value in a few months by sixty-five per cent. What could happen, perhaps, only in Austria was that the Socialist Party, which had participated in these gains, has since been denouncing the whole transaction as "the swindle of the people's shares." When reminded of this in Parliament, a Socialist leader offered to give them back, but so far, not surprisingly, the offer has not been made good.

THOUGH the coalition machinery may creak and though government in Austria sometimes seems like a wrestling match whose outcome has already been decided by a horse trade in a smoke-filled room, it cannot be said that the Austrian public has disapproved it or that on the whole it has not worked well. It has worked far better, for instance, than the excess of "parliamentarianism" from which France has suffered. Under it, Austria has regained its freedom, developed its resources, and is prosperous as never before. The budget is balanced: the currency, the schilling, has regained the stability that once earned for it the title of "Alpine dollar." Bankruptcies are few and strikes almost nonexistent. In the field of foreign policy Austria has maintained military neutrality without trying to disguise its ideological identification with the West. It has proclaimed its intention to join the European free-trade area. Its people faced the advent of the Sputniks with the same calmness as that with which they have resisted the bullying tactics of its Communist neighbors, Hungary and Czechoslovakia, who have not only made the frontiers dangerous but sent agents into Austria to spy and to kidnap, as in the days of the occupation.

In the field of medicine Vienna is again becoming, and in music has already become, one of the world's chief centers. Perhaps most important of all, Austria has rid itself of the inferiority complex that for so many years led it to dream of *Anschluss* with Germany. At last Austria is wholly Austrian, and proud of it.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

The Gal Who Wanted to Meet Me

A Short Story

DAVID HALBERSTAM

COME TO THINK OF IT, it was Payne's idea in the first place that I should go and see Ouida. I didn't even know who Ouida was.

We had been sitting in the café drinking coffee and kidding with the waitress. In northern Mississippi everyone sits in a café and talks with the waitress. Payne was teasing the waitress and she had just said, "You hadn't ought to tease me like that."

"You found a better way for me to tease you?" he asked. This puzzled the waitress, and she walked away. I was about to tell Payne he shouldn't chase away women like that when he gave me a funny look and said:

"Well, I don't know if I should tell you."

"What should you tell me?"

"About that little ole gal that's wanting to meet you."

"Which gal?"

"Well, I'm not so sure it'd be too awful good for you. You know, that real good-lookin' one that used to work at the hotel before she quit there."

Then Payne smiled. I was twenty-one, just out of an Ivy League college, new to the South and working as the only reporter on the Una *Daily Record*. Payne was nineteen, just out of the town of Pheba, nine miles away, and working as a linotype operator. "I ain't the best linotype man," he said, "but this ain't the best newspaper either."

Actually Payne was not from Pheba but from West Pheba. "Pheba ain't much," he explained, "just a few old houses. The store and the school's in West Pheba. It's a whole lot better place. Lot of folks make a good crop and they move over to West Pheba." Payne and I were buddies. In fact, we were good buddies.

"THAT gal," he explained, "is named Ouida."

"I never met a girl named Ouida before," I admitted.

"No girl's ever named Ouida," he said. "Only gals is named Ouida. Maybe you best forget about this one too. You got to work a whole lot these days and you got that there schoolteacher, so I don't figure you're too much ready for Ouida."

"What about her?"

"Oh, you don't care much about her. But she sure seems to care about you. She came up to me on the street Saturday and I been walkin' that street on Saturday for fourteen years and she ain't never come up to me before. And she said hello and what have I been doing and why didn't I come by to see her lately. I told her I hadn't been by lately because I wasn't never by earlier. Then she started asking about you and who you was going with and I told her you was going mostly with a typewriter and she smiled big.

"I believe what that gal really goes for is that there bow tie." he

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said, looking at my tie. " 'Bout the first thing, she called you 'the reporter with the little tie.' I believe Ouida likes your bow tie."

"Look, Payne, other boys down here wear bow ties."

"They clip them on."

"So?"

"Well, Ouida she may be country, but she ain't dumb. She knows they clip them on. And I bet she knows that you get up there before that big ole mirror in Miss Goodenough's house and tie yours by hand. Otherwise if you clipped it on, it would be straight."

And I laughed and he laughed and we were buddies and he promised he would fix me up with Ouida and even carry me out to Ouida's place. He even said he would pick the time.

PAYNE AND I had been buddies almost since the day I arrived in Una from Connecticut, the first day the editor had introduced me around. "David, this is Payne," he said, and we shook hands. Later, when Payne had gone, I asked the editor his first name. He stopped for a second and then asked the bookkeeper, "What's Payne's first name?" She opened the desk and looked through some forms. "Coy Ed," she said. But no one ever used it, his teachers, friends, or even his girl friend.

Payne was short. He had wavy brown hair which he swept back all the time, two strokes to each side and then three big hard strokes directly back. He carried two combs and worried a great deal about whether his hair was in its proper place. He also had big muscles, which came from his mother's side of the family. "They like to favor my brother's," his mother once told me. "His father never had muscles like them." Payne didn't have what you would call a Southern accent. He talked "country," putting a late emphasis on a word. He always talked in the same quiet voice whether it was teasing humor or deep bitterness. "The thing about me," he said, "is that I'm country, country as hell. I don't say 'we-uns' any more, but don't let that fool you. I'm still country. It's the walk is what it is. Not right easy to say but sure enough easy to tell. Redneck like me don't walk like you. Redneck walks diff'rent ways, like he's got some money and thinks that's right special, which it most often is, or he walks like he's ashamed and don't have any money. When he stops walkin' funny, he stops bein' a redneck."

I GUESS you could say that Payne's eyes were country, too. He was not really what you would call shifty-eyed, but he kept his eyes almost closed, as if he had some sort of eye infection. Maybe that's why Payne never had to change the tone of his voice. He could always give his speech an added meaning by opening his eyes or narrowing them even more.

Payne would come around the paper at night when I was finishing up the next day's features. After I finished we would get in his old partial-Ford and drive out to a roadside place and drink beer.

"Where'd you buy the car, Payne?" I asked.

"I didn't."

"Where'd you get it?"

"Found it."

"Where?"

"Where do you most often find cars?"

"I don't know."

"I guess you never did find any cars, did you?"

"No."

"That's too bad. You can find some right nice ones. Some even better than this." And that was all I found out. So I changed the subject on the way out. I talked about the hole in the floor board. I said it was fine because it allowed us to use the entire Mississippi highway system as an ashtray. Payne didn't like that much and so we didn't say much more.

Then he said: "Well, I guess we are buddies." I didn't say anything. "Well, we are?" he asked. I said "Yes" and he began to tell me about his girl.

"You're lucky you can go out with two gals," he said. "You got that schoolteacher and then maybe you got Ouida. And Ouida wants to meet you and this don't bother you none. I got Jettie Lee and I'm locked to her and that's it. Just the two of us, buddy, and if she goes, then I go, and if she don't like me, it's like me not likin' myself. When she went out with another boy once I thought about killin' him and I drove around all night. I used up four gallons of gas while they were out and liked to be out of my mind. So I stayed up on the hill and watched him take Jettie Lee home. When he tried to kiss her she pushed him away or else I don't know what I would have done."

Then he stopped, not sure that I was following him. "Ever closed your eyes and imagined yourself blind? Well, I do that too. I try to close my eyes off from her and make plans without her just in case she goes off. But it just don't work, me without Jettie Lee. It's no more real than putting your hand over your eyes when you know you can take it away. That's why even if Ouida wanted to go with me, which she don't, I couldn't do it."

Then he showed me a picture of Jettie Lee. "Do you know I spent a hundred and twenty-eight dollars on her so far? I really like that little ole gal. That don't count jukebox money 'cause I'd have spent that anyways. Does count seat covers and half the gas, 'cause you better believe there'd never be any covers on this car 'cept for Jettie Lee. They cost me twenty dollars. You can't find seat covers like you can just find a car. A hundred and twenty-eight dollars sure seems like a lot of money. I spent fifty-three of it at the fair and that only comes once a year. It might be a lot less 'cept that I sure do like her a whole lot. I could probably have got by with only ninety, and ninety dollars is a whole lot of money too."

His eyes narrowed a little.

"You ever put that much money into women?"

I nodded sadly.

"Do you think women are worth all that much money?"

"Sometimes."

"Sometimes ain't always often enough. There are times when I just don't need these seat covers hardly at all."

WE DRANK BEER at the Hutch, a shakily built, spottily painted roadhouse that served Good Food and Welcomed Truckers. After Payne first mentioned Ouida, I expected he was planning to have

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us meet out at the Hutch. But we never found her there, although we came awfully close. One time she left just before we got there, and another time she was supposed to come by but never did.

So instead of finding Ouida we drank beer, which was not really why we had gone out there, and listened to someone playing the guitar. There was always someone playing the guitar. "That ole boy playing's a good buddy of mine," Payne said. "It's his own guitar and he'll own it next year. He lends it to me once in a while so long as I don't ask for it. 'Course that's not the same thing as owning a guitar yourself. He's my buddy, though. Two weeks ago someone from Choctaw County got in a fight with him. I helped him and we worked that Choctaw man over. I squeezed his neck and I mean that boy like to never breathed again."

"What started the fight?"

"Don't know," he said. "Must have been something." He thought this over. "Might not of been, though."

Well, I kept after Payne to make good on the Ouida promise, although I couldn't keep after him too much, because if I made too much of it, I was afraid I'd never get to meet her. I'd slip in some remark about her once in a while, pretending that I didn't care at all. Payne knew I did care, so he kidded me. Finally I decided to drop the idea of Ouida completely. For a week I didn't mention her. Then one night we were out at the Hutch and Payne said: "I reckon it's about time you met Ouida. I'll take you out to her place tonight. But first I got to make a phone call or two."

In a few minutes we roared out of the Hutch parking lot, kicking up our rightful share of gravel. About five miles out of town he turned off the highway and went a mile into the ridge country and stopped.

"Ouida lives right up past there," he said. "You walk up the road about a quarter mile and you'll see the place. I'll wait here with the car, unless you want for me to drive right up to the house. But I don't believe you'd want me to do that, good buddy."

"No Payne, good buddy," I said, "I wouldn't."

I got out and walked for about ten minutes. Then I looked back. I couldn't see the car. I thought about Ouida and tried to remember who she was. I had a lot of trouble: good-looking girl at the hotel. I didn't even know her last name, which was funny for me. She liked the bow tie. I reached up to straighten it.

Just then a voice roared out, a close and angry voice:

"So you're the son of a bitch who's been fooling with my wife! Well, I got you now, by God! I got you now!" Then there was the loudest yell I've ever heard and two blasts from a shotgun. Hell, I didn't know if it was a shotgun or a cannon. All I knew was I jumped for a ridge and got as low as possible. I lay down there as quietly as I could, waiting for the charge and the next blast of the shotgun—because I had decided it was a shotgun. People always used shotguns in cases like this. I waited. But the third blast never came.

Instead I heard several voices. Well, really several laughters.

"How the hell should I know where he went? I know he went, but I sure don't know where."

"Well, I don't know, maybe we ought to find him. He might could be a little scared."

"Scared enough not to go out with Ouida again. You better believe that. Ain't a man in this county ever gone out with Ouida twicet."

"Ain't a man in this county ever seen Ouida oncet."

"Leastways, I believe he knows he's in Mississippi."

Records: A Locomotive In the Living Room

HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Years ago, in an innocent era, test records designed to demonstrate the capacities of a hi-fi set with sounds that are alternately inaudible and unbearable were left in the decent obscurity of the recording studio. Engineers employed them to measure the sensitivity of their instruments or, in idle moments, the limitations of their own hearing. Nowadays, like such once-exotic commodities as anchovy paste and Bermuda shorts, test records are freely available to the masses. They exist in all varieties and on all labels, and the hi-fi neophyte who hasn't attuned himself to a 15,000 frequency signal, who can't tell a peak from a dip or a db from a kc, has not yet qualified for membership in that great confraternity of phonographic incurables, Audiophiles Anonymous.

A man is never so vulnerable to the lure of the test record as on the day he first contemplates his brand-new hi-fi set, or component thereof. There at last stands the untried apparatus; the question now is how to launch it on a flourishing and refulgent career. Observe that in a similar situation the purchaser of a new automobile approaches his acquisition with a reserve that borders on timidity. He does not drive it away from the showroom at 120 m.p.h. because that is the highest figure shown on the speedometer. The hi-fi fancier, however, is inclined to shoot the works immediately. And the record companies have obligingly catered to his desires.

The purest, if not the simplest, of test records are those which reproduce in sequence the frequencies that human beings—that is, some human beings—can hear. Folkways' record *Sounds of Frequency* is a typical example. One side emits frequencies at 33 1/3 r.p.m., the other at 78 r.p.m. The topmost frequency presented (this is higher than most test records go) is 22,500 cycles per second. Most people cannot hear 22,500 cycles any more than Words-

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worth could see the light that never was on sea or land; still, it may be comforting to know that both exist.

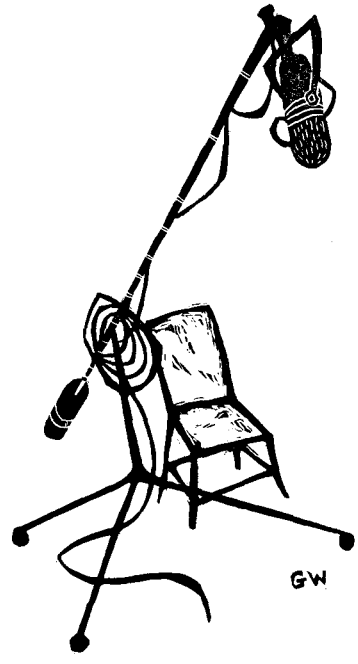
THE MOST LAVISH of all such records (particularly in its price, which is $10) is Westminster's *Check and Double Check*. The first part of this disc, which is sure to hold the rapt interest of the family dog, contains a series of frequency runs ranging from 30 to 15,000 cycles per second. If you don't catch the 15,000 signal, your set isn't necessarily short-changing you; it's entirely possible that you yourself simply can't hear 15,000 c.p.s. Following its succession of beeps, the Westminster record offers a parade of orchestral excerpts selected not for their musical interest but as illustrations of "dynamic range" and various other qualities culled from the glossary of audio jargon.

The frequency signals on *Check and Double Check* and most other test records are emitted by an instrument called the audio oscillator. Since most people go through life without encountering audio oscillators even in their wildest dreams, a trend has recently set in toward test records that employ the pitches of the musical scale as frequency signals. Such is Cook's *The Chromatic Scale Test Record*, whose explanatory booklet is significantly adorned with a photograph of a tuning fork and this enigmatic maxim: "One note is worth a thousand cycles." Cook says its record provides a listening test for "playback response," "transients" (in high-fidelitese this refers to the crispness with which sudden sounds are reproduced, not to temporary lodgers), "room acoustics," "speaker hangover," and "false resonances." An unusual feature of the Cook record is that you are required to listen to one side of it with your ear a foot away from the loudspeaker; otherwise, says the accompanying manual, this side "has no significance whatever."

Timpani and Titans

For those who are uninitiated in the ways of intermodulation, the catalogue abounds in offerings which, while not strictly test records, concentrate on material designed for audiophiles.

On these records the extremes of range are marked not by beeps and rumbles but by triangles and tubas. Recently some sort of audio apogee was reached when Capitol, Urania, Boston, and M-G-M Records simultaneously issued four separate recordings of Carlos Chavez's *Toccata for Percussion*, thus providing the most persistent gonging and bonging heard in the land since the days of Chandu the Magician. Chavez's exercise in percussion is scored for kettle drums, tenor drums, bass drums, side drums, bells, xylophone, cymbals, chimes, hardwood sound sticks, and rattles and gongs, not to



mention Yaqui sticks, which are to be found only in Mexico.

A recording like this at least represents music of a sort. But the resourcefulness of a record maker in quest of audio effects easily surpasses the limitations imposed by musical instruments. Consider some of the examples provided on the Cook label, including, among other sounds, those of a baby crying, a telephone ringing, and a lighthouse horn blasting a warning to approaching mariners. The same manufacturer issues a lease breaker entitled, accurately enough, *Out of This World*. It presents on one side the crashes of earthquakes, on the other the groans and whistles created by electrical disturbances in the ionosphere.

Apparently untold numbers of new enthusiasts enjoy the sounds of railroad locomotives roaring through their living rooms. Here is a quotation from the promotional material accompanying Audio Fidelity's *Railroad Sounds, Steam and Diesel: A Study in High Fidelity Sound*:

"Huge black monsters shuddering under loads of coal and compressed steam. . . . Lumbering masses of iron and steel that make the ground tremble as they churn around curves. . . . Giants whose wailing whistles and deep-throated horns echo through silent country-sides. . . ."

Audio Fidelity is not alone in its faithfulness to huge black monsters. Cook and Folkways are among the others who will gladly turn your home into a roundhouse, and Riverside specializes in equally shattering noises emanating from racing autos. Vox is preparing a disk devoted to jet planes.

Audio Fidelity has perhaps been the most active label lately in propagating the doctrine of sound for sound's sake. From the shuddering black monsters of the Middle West to the quivering white bodies of the Middle East is but a brief step; consequently Audio Fidelity's newest releases include two items called *Port Said* and *Sultan of Bagdad*. Both display the music of Mohammed El-Bakhar and his Oriental Ensemble, and both are adorned with striking cover photographs of dancing girls.

IN THE EVENT that you are tempted neither by oscillators nor undulators, there still remains a simple and reasonably effective method of testing a new hi-fi setup. Just play a record on it—any modern record in good condition that happens to be handy. Indeed, there is one school of thought, undeniably reactionary, which holds that the best test of a hi-fi set comes not from new records but from records you have already listened to on your old equipment. If your new apparatus is an improvement on the old one, so this argument runs, it should bring out qualities you were never aware of before.

It is always possible that a Mozart quintet, a Beethoven symphony, or a Richard Strauss tone poem, played through from start to finish, can pay a more eloquent and enduring tribute to a good hi-fi system than any number of oscillators, locomotives, and steam calliopes.

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Arbitron Sees All, Knows Almost Everything

MARYA MANNES

WHAT IS communicated nowadays seems less important than the number of those who see it and listen to it, and measuring this has become the imperative need of the men who run television networks and stations, advertising agencies, and program packages. So far Trendex, Nielsen, and the Viewer Diary of A.R.B. (American Research Bureau) have filled this need; but although programs live and die by their ratings, nobody has been entirely happy about the accuracy or completeness of their samplings. Besides, they come when the shooting's over.

Arbitron, A.R.B.'s latest invention, should change all that, and signal the end of the present rating system. It is an electronic device that makes it possible to know, every ninety seconds, exactly what program a representative group of viewers is looking at, and exactly when they turn to another program. It is a sort of Big Brother in a little box.

The little box, which is called a transponder, is mounted in or behind three hundred television sets within a twenty-five-mile radius of New York City. By February, the little boxes will be spread in equivalent patterns in seven more cities—Chicago, Philadelphia, Washington, Detroit, Cleveland, Baltimore, and Los Angeles. By next year, the pattern will be nation-wide—rural as well as urban.

You will have to take the word of the American Research Bureau that the homes wired for Arbitron are indeed representative of the viewing mass. Their choice is based on a painstaking and extensive technique called Systematic Selection from Pre-Listed Blocks. The final three hundred homes were chosen on the basis of data assembled from ninety thousand dwelling units on a "scientifically devised random basis," or "true probability method."

Each of these little metal sending units, clamped like a limpet out of sight on each of the chosen sets, connects by a leased wire to Arbitron headquarters at Park Avenue and Fifty-fourth Street. The governing machines at Park Avenue can ask each little box what the people in that particular living room are looking at, and the little box beeps back the answer. And if the set is turned off, it can tell you at which channel the knob is pointing.

All these electronic replies, which we heard at Arbitron headquarters in the form of clicks, hums, and ascending notes of a scale, are picked up by a special computer (a big box called Datac) which digests and interprets the information from all the sets and feeds it in the form of a rating figure to the Arbitron auto (or master) board. It also spews out, with a regular convulsive stutter, a printed sheet like a Teletype.

Now suppose you were a network vice-president and paid about $2,700 a month for Arbitron's service and perhaps another $5,000 to have a "slave board" installed, connected directly with the Park Avenue master board. Well, you'd sit in a wall-to-wall-carpeted room and look at a large board like a stock-exchange one and see a number of columns of blinking lights, which would show the number of homes tuned to each channel at every ninety-second interval. Other columns would tot up the final results: just how many sets were tuned to Betty Crocker and how many to some frantic pitchman you were paying to be funny. You might sit there and watch half the viewers switch to another network, and at the end of the show you could pick up the phone and cancel the pitchman's contract.

IS THIS all clear? I hope so, because it was abundantly clear to us in that bare room full of humming and blinking cabinets. There was, of course, no reason for any loud outcries at the invasion of privacy. The people who had the little boxes on the back of their sets knew they were there and what they were there for, and very few objected to being chosen as "samples." What's more, the A.R.B. people were very nice about it, giving them ninety-day guarantees on their television sets, and premiums like steak knives.

But some of us persisted in wondering whether this new device wouldn't make things even worse than they are already: a situation of total dependence on majority acceptance. To the extent that network and agency heads are slaves to their weekly ratings from Trendex and Nielsen, would they not be even more subservient to the instantaneous dictates of their Arbitron "slave boards"? Would not minority choice be weighted even less than it is already?

For there is one highly important thing that even the omniscient Arbitron cannot signal back, and that is the caliber of the viewer himself. Maybe the master board shows that 260 homes are tuned to Channel 2. Does this mean that Channel 2 has the better show, or could it mean that the forty families tuned in to Channel 4 are more discriminating consumers, knowing a good thing when they see it?

Another thing the little transponder cannot tattle on is whether the set is turned on and nobody is looking at it, or somebody is looking out of sheer apathy. This has been known to happen.

SHORTLY after being introduced to the wizardry of Arbitron and the questions it raised, I saw on Broadway that rousing piece of musical Americana, *The Music Man*—about as happy and simple and infectious a show as you could see, and superbly performed. Toward the end there is a reprise of a brassy marching song that set the feet to tapping in the first act. This time it did something more, something I have not seen an audience do in a long theater life. Row after row of happy people started to clap their hands in time to the music. This was audience reaction at its most direct, healthy, and joyous. No electronics here: only the miraculous electricity of communication.

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MOVIES:

Zola's Indictment of Paris

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

THE BEST compliment one can pay the new French film *Gervaise* is to say that it represents faithfully the Zola novel on which it is based. The usual movie made from a novel, like the recent film of *Nana,* is generally a grab bag; the producer takes from the book what he thinks will fit his stars or his conception of assured popularity. This isn't true of the producer (Annie Dorfmann), the director (René Clément), and the screen writers (Jean Aurenche and Pierre Bost) of *Gervaise.* Their purpose has been simply to render a novel as film. Limited only by the inflexible differences between the two media, they have succeeded.

L'Assommoir, it will be remembered, is a cornerstone in the immense Rougon-Macquart structure. It was one of the first Zola novels—it was published in 1877—to achieve wide popularity. An American translation (under the title *Gervaise,* incidentally) appeared only two years later and was made from the sixtieth French edition. The book tells the story of Gervaise Macquart, a cripple from the south of France who comes to Paris with her lover and their two sons, works hard to support them all, is deserted by the lover, marries a roof mender by whom she has a daughter (Nana), and then has to support him, too, after he is injured in a fall. She opens a laundry shop, but her husband's drinking—encouraged by her lover who returns and is welcomed into the house by the husband—brings about their eventual ruin. In the end the husband dies raving in a madhouse, the sons are scattered, Nana is gaily embarked on her own story, and Gervaise, her hope crushed, dies drunk and alone. Though it sounds austere, Angus Wilson has called this Zola's most compassionate work.

THE BOOK is in the film. The last quarter of the novel is drastically condensed but the spirit of it is not violated; instead of protracting the husband's delirious disintegration, Gervaise's decline, and the start of Nana's fancy career, the adapters let the first occur in the shop and clearly foreshadow the latter two. It is enough; two hours of any movie, even a refreshingly grim one, are enough. To reread the novel is to be struck by the fidelity of the film. The first view of the cheap hotel balcony, the steamy fight in the public laundry, the wedding party in the Louvre,

the fall from the roof, the feast on Gervaise's saint's day—all these are in the film.

"I must show all the world trying to bring about her ruin, consciously or unconsciously," Zola wrote about his heroine in a note to the novel. As Gervaise, Maria Schell embodies the giving soul looking for a worthy receiving soul who is heartlessly used, in the short or long run, by men whose egos are unable to withstand her generosity. There is in Miss Schell's performance perhaps an ounce too much winsomeness, but she moves us with her straightforward simple affection. (Both her performance and the film won awards at the Venice Film Festival.) The rest of the cast, notably Suzy Delair as Virginie, are always satisfactory. But the most notable triumphs of the film are those of the adapters and the director.

How to Make a World

How do the Europeans, especially the French, evoke the past so convincingly in their films? The answer cannot be simply that their sets are ready-made. Old Paris streets are available to American film makers as well. Part of the answer is in the actors, whose training and whose imaginations—cultivated by that training—enable them to breathe and bend in costume. Yet a larger part of the answer must lie with the directors, in this case René Clément. He has made his world. What happens to his principals in a tavern or a market place or a music hall seems only a portion of what is happening there; certain characters are in the foreground only because it is their story that has been chosen to be told. Any of the people moving around them are equally real, equally interesting, just as busily engaged in following the unraveling threads of their own lives. There are no dress extras in this picture.

Clément also has a gift for unfolding a large scene from a small beginning. The scene that ends with the husband's wild, obscene smashing of the laundry begins with a close-up of little Nana looking through a glass that is about to be heated and affixed to her ailing father's back. The effect is one of slipping through a quiet keyhole into a gradually revealed house full of hell.

The squeamish may at first object to the blatancy of the husband's bloodied back (when his delirium topples him against the wall with cupping glasses on him), of a vomit-spattered bed, of nose picking. But that objection will not hold against the director; these things are true to the spirit of the book. For at almost every point the film is strapped to the book; you cannot tug at the former without the latter.

HERE the reward of virtue is that the film's faults are Zola's faults. For all its excellences of acting, editing, photography, and direction, the picture leaves us with a feeling of pointlessness. We have watched a simple, hard-working woman beaten down by a clever, opportunistic lover

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whom she cannot resist, by a weak husband who turns to drink, and by ceaseless toil and by whimsical fate. It is not tragic; it is simply grinding. We are neither enlightened sociologically nor harrowed by her experience. As to the former, Zola's theories are cold, his revelations stale. His theory of scientific determinism may have been a valuable ingredient in the intellectual ferment of the Third Republic, but we now know enough about slums and poverty to understand that we must fight ceaselessly to eliminate them, and must not expect human character to be notably improved thereby.

We are not moved tragically by the heroine's fall because we are too conscious that she is a clinical example. "It is surely a lesson in morality," wrote Zola in his preface to the novel. Indeed, in the scene of the soiled bed he writes: "And this was the outcome of Drink, this was an example of the results of the passion for strong liquor; Man degraded to bestiality." In the film as in the book, the author, standing at the side with blackboard pointer, vitiates his own work as art. It is a slice of life, and we feel that the knife might have gone into any one of a million specimens.

IF ALL THIS is true, why isn't Zola's film (for such it is) at the level of a franker soap opera of the nineteenth century? For the hallmark of soap opera is continual woe heaped on the unremittingly virtuous. What prevents *Gervaise* from being merely *Nana's Mama, or Too Poor to Be Sober?* There are, I think, two factors that keep us from being bored or from sniggering. The first is the titanic intensity of the mind that assembled these materials and is pointing this moral. His purpose may be didactic, but his perceptions, his sympathies, his energies, his instinct for architecture are enormous. His theories seem foolish, but Zola makes himself felt despite them. The second factor is the result of the first: we find ourselves touched by a work written in anger at the obstacles men put in the road of their own perfectibility. In our world of more moderate expectations, we are moved, nostalgically, by the fire of a man to whom the farthest horizon was at once limitless and attainable.

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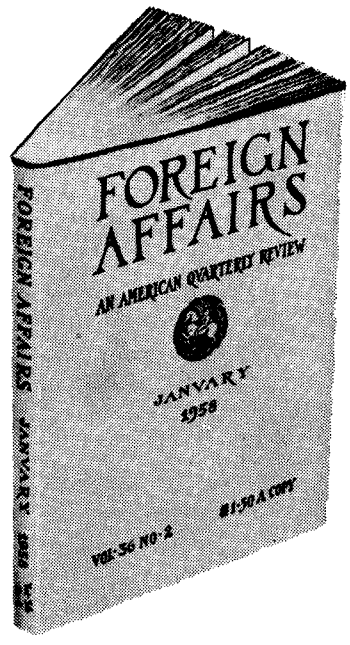

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The Truth Has Not Made Him Free

LAWRENCE JANOFSKY

THE NAKED GOD: THE WRITER AND THE COMMUNIST PARTY, by Howard Fast. *Praeger. $3.50.*

"There should be no temptation to laugh," Fast says of a party hack's absurd condemnation of his novel *Spartacus*. "The ridiculous is also hideous in this case." But there is no getting away from the fact that the hideous in this case is also and primarily ridiculous. Herein lies both the weakness of Fast's book and also its special character among the documents of our age. Who but Howard Fast, after all, could have cast Eugene Dennis in the role of Nemesis?

"I remember," Fast writes, "that I once prepared a pamphlet. It had drawings in it by some of the finest artists of our time, whom I had persuaded to contribute to it. One in particular, a man of great stature, had drawn a picture of a group of workers. These were all white workers in the picture; but after the pamphlet was printed, fifty thousand copies done and finished, Betty Gannett, a member of the Party secretariat, decided that because the dress of a woman in the picture had blown above her knees, this was an insult to the Negro people. . . ."

That this event is connected with events of the greatest seriousness I have no doubt. But to conclude with doctrinaire solemnity, as Fast himself does, makes one doubt that his thought and feeling have been decisively emancipated.

"So," says Fast, "five thousand dollars' worth of pamphlets were destroyed—five thousand dollars of the hard-saved money that poor people contributed to the Party."

Now It Can Be Told

Fast has written a moving and honest account of his years (1943-1956) in the Communist organization; that is, moving and honest within rather severe limits. It is important, I think, to acknowledge this honesty—to recognize in the writer a man who has suffered much and learned something—for it is finally the author's slender vocation for honesty and the incompleteness of his knowledge that constitutes the poignancy of his book. Fast is more than half convinced that the publication of the Khrushchev report detailing Stalin's butcheries gives him a special leave to expose the catastrophic course of party development.

Indeed, it is Fast's obsessive recurrence to the report that is one of the more curious aspects of *The Naked God*. Earlier writers—like Trotsky, Dewey, Orwell, Koestler, Silone—spoke the truth prematurely or prophetically, as it were. Somehow it is only since February, 1956, that all the evidence is in. This is cruel nonsense, of course; the facts, in spite of Fast's loathness "to believe them as presented by the enemies of the Soviet Union," were in long before 1956. "Even in this brief book," Fast claims, "I have put down a picture few people outside actually understand." Few, it is true, have experienced the last ten years in the Communist Party in this country, but many have understood them, and better than Fast.

ALTHOUGH the author recognizes that he had illusions concerning the Soviet Union and the Communist Party, he sees nothing inadequate in the bases of his actions. "I have no doubt," Fast observes early in his work, "that I see most things too simply, too much in blacks and whites." In 1939, "England was St. George against the dragon of hate and horror that Hitler and Nazism had created." In 1943, "I saw the Communists as the bravest and most skillful fighters for man's freedom. I was mistaken. But a conviction thus arrived at is not easily undone."

Fast is forthright in owning up to his mistakes. But it does not seem to occur to him that there are other and better ways of arriving at convictions than poetical-polemical incantation.

The extent of Fast's continuing illusion emerges in odd ways. The appearance of the Khrushchev report presumably has awakened Fast and kindred spirits of the party—mainly on the staff of the *Daily Worker*—at the same time that both the government and the party leadership seem more determined than ever to squelch these heretical spirits. Do the comrades knuckle under? Not on your life! We find them courageously sticking to their mimeograph machines.

The Pride and the Prejudice

"What a time that was for us! What freedom! What glory in the realization that all the years of waiting, mental hiding, intellectual servility, were not for nothing! . . . We opened the pages of the *Daily Worker* to hundreds and hundreds of letters. We printed everything, the crackpot, the lunatic, the diehard, the sober and thoughtful, the literate and illiterate, the wise and the foolish; and for the first time in our memory a free, open discussion spread like fire through the Party. Everyone had something to say—except the national leadership. From their mental dugouts, not a shot was fired. . . . All that day and the following day, we fought and won a fight to save the paper. We wrote it in other offices; the editors put it together, literally on their feet and in motion; John Gates was tireless, defiant, fencing with the Federal men, snarling at them like an angry bulldog; and one grand and brave left-wing lawyer, the Darrow of our time if any man is, fought alongside of us all that day and the next. What a proud time that was! It did not matter whether we were a Communist paper or a vegetarian paper or the New York *Times;* alone we fought for the finest tradition of our democracy, and we won."

So there we have it—"I am black, but O!, my soul is white." Could the failure of self-comprehension be more complete? It is all there still—the heady ardor, the idiotic parliament of crackpots, illiterates, saints, bulldogs, vegetarians. What does it matter, so long as we are united in this glorious camaraderie against the

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Feds, the copper bosses (Stalinist and otherwise)?

Fast has much to say about the Communist Party's ritualistic production of words, words, words, which for years no one has been reading, but here they are again. We've finally found it, the romantic inebriation of the revolution that had been eluding us all these years. Now we are really on the barricades, now we are really marching through the valley of Jarama, with goons, Pinkertons, and the NKVD on every side. And who are the moral heroes of our time? Doggoned if they aren't Howard Fast and John Gates!

The truth has been revealed to Mr. Fast. ("Truly, the simpletons say, 'But we have always known the truth about the Party. Why did it take you so long?' What truth? Even in this brief book, I have put down a picture that few people outside actually understood . . .") But the pity is that he seems to have no inkling of understanding.

The truth is, I think, that Mr. Fast's difficulties began long before *Spartacus* and even before he entered the party. Indeed, he was not initially a convert to the party but rather, in an awful sense, its creation. Nor is his liberation, as he seems assured, complete. Although it is heterodox from the point of view of V. J. Jerome or Pettis Perry or Betty Gannett, Fast's work has never been, and is not to this day, the work of a free mind.

In spite of everything, Fast continues to write in the execrable, hallucinogenic rhetoric from which he claims to have broken away:

"And as they now squirm and twist and develop their palace plots against each other, it becomes more and more evident that somewhere underneath, among the plain people who live and love and work and build, a tide of anger rises that bodes them no good."

ONE HAS FINALLY the impression that Fast is not so much master of the meaning of his experience as he is victim, still in considerable measure bounded and stultified by the fog of treachery, verbiage, and insanity of which he supplies additional details. Yet even so, no one can deny the possibility of Fast's eventual return to the world of the living.

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In Little Rock He's a 'Controversial Figure'

HAROLD R. ISAACS

AN EPITAPH FOR DIXIE, by Harry Ashmore. *Norton. $3.50.*

Harry Ashmore, editor of the *Arkansas Gazette* in Little Rock, became a national, even an international figure by standing up in his paper for "law and order" and against Governor Orval Faubus's attempted defiance of the Federal government over the court-ordered desegregation of Central High School. When I was in Little Rock a while ago, reading Ashmore's new book late one night in my hotel room, I came on this passage:

"I have become, in the wonderful lexicon of our muted time, a 'controversial figure'—and I managed this not by fervently crusading for the downtrodden blacks, but simply by insisting that no Southern newspaper could possibly ignore the most pressing social issue its readers face . . . My highest purpose has been to see to it that calm and reasonable voices are heard above the clamor of the willful and ignorant men who have appropriated the center of the stage."

AMONG leading Southern whites, this role has become a heroic one. You can apparently count on one hand the editors like Ashmore and Ralph McGill of the Atlanta *Constitution* who have responsibly tried simply to face up to their region's most critical problem. Only with the greatest difficulty can one summon up the name of any outstanding southern church leader who has been even as bold as these men. No political leader at all comes to mind. This is what Ashmore describes as the "default of leadership" in today's South, where men who know better and want better things have been reduced to "unhappy and frustrated silence" by racist demagogues, by leaders in high places who cling—often cynically—to the mystique of Southern Know-Nothingism, and, most of all, by their own submission to "the smothering mores of the Southern community."

In this small book—which is not about the Little Rock episode as such but mostly about the South in general—Ashmore introduces no new or startling ideas to the current national discussion about the region. But he offers a shrewd and sane and probing analysis in clear and eminently readable prose. Ashmore is a Southerner, but he is primarily a citizen of his country, and, in a mod-

est way, of the world. Thus he can turn upon his South a fond but critical eye.

He is a Southerner who thinks, with more than just a tinge of sentimental regret, that the Old South is dead and that it is high time Old Southerners had sense enough to lie down. Perhaps, more accurately, it is Ashmore's thought that it is not the true Old Southerner who weights the region's burdens today but rather his spurious successors, the plebeian demagogues, the men with their eyes on the main chance instead of upon their obligations, the leaders who did not have sense enough to preserve an element of dignity for Negroes in their system for keeping the races apart and the whites supreme.

But Ashmore thinks that the new world is acoming anyway, that fundamental changes are overtaking the South and cannot be evaded or hindered, that the current upsurge of rednecks and would-be night riders is "only a contemporary temper tantrum" that will have to pass. He thinks that with industrialization, a new economy is taking over and will necessarily make over society in its image, that "New York no longer has any boundaries," that the future belongs to Madison Avenue among the magnolias, to factories in the former cotton fields where Negroes and whites will perforce have to work side by side, living in communities where they share common schools and all other public institutions, and that some of the new men in gray flannel suits will necessarily and unavoidably be Negroes. Ashmore says that "wherever money makes the mare go, the odds are with the Negro," and that therefore the die-hard racists are men without a future; the "peculiar institutions" are being priced out of existence.

ON THE OTHER HAND, Ashmore leaves me wondering about the future of "moderation" in the South. He suggests that the men of power in the South, while still intent on defending white supremacy, have ruled out overt violence, that they will keep their mobsters and Ku Kluxers in hand while they fight their latter-day "rear-guard" battle through the courts to what Ashmore foresees as certain defeat. Meanwhile he seems simply to hope that the "dead-end zealots" will not exact too heavy a toll.

But this leaves some key questions. How are the "willful and ignorant men" going to be driven back into their holes? How much damage is the "temper tantrum" going to do before it exhausts itself? Where is the new leadership coming from and when? What will happen, in short, while the gradualists are gradualizing?

Ashmore is what is known now as a "moderate," and it is his distinction that he states his views in public. But it seems to me that the *Gazette* rallies no leadership, makes no clear espousal, marshals no active following behind anybody. The explanation lies, I suspect, in the

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equivocal character of the "moderate" position itself.

In Little Rock to be "moderate" means to be "for law and order." This in turn might or might not mean being also for compliance with the Supreme Court school decision. It could mean that a man was still for segregation in the schools but against mob rule or against defying the Federal government, or more simply still, that he just did not want to see things stirred up. As Ashmore repeatedly points out, most "moderates" are people who just wish the whole problem would go away and leave them alone. The hot segregationists in Little Rock described "moderates" as "nigger-lovers" or "race mixers." And yet the Negro journalist Carl Rowan recently described the "moderates" as "the new weeping Willies of the South." This indicates to me that "moderation" is neither program nor rallying cry, not a signpost pointing anywhere, but only a temporary shelter in which all sorts of people can get out of the storm.

I THINK I understand even better now, after reading his book, why Negro compliments for Ashmore in Little Rock were generally quite restrained. Ashmore still carries around with him the baggage of a certain mournful regret for the passing of the older order. He agrees that whites and Negroes of that time lived as "master and servant," but in that system, he suggests, *noblesse oblige* really worked, and whites and Negroes could get to "really know each other," something he is sure will not happen in the brave new world of urbanization, modernization, and equality. He somehow still wishes that the doctrine of separate equality could have been more intelligently and honorably applied. He calls "social" segregation (as distinct from "legal") "a tenable social theory" that failed only because it was undermined by "untenable legal practice."

It seemes to me that Ashmore's book can help us understand the limits of "moderation" in the South and the reasons for the "default of leadership" there, while we can still share fully Ashmore's disquiet over the default of leadership in the nation as a whole.

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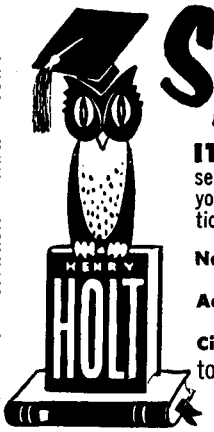

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One Night In the Concord Jail

PERRY MILLER

THE MAKING OF WALDEN, with the Text of the First Version, by J. Lyndon Shanley. *University of Chicago. $5.*

In 1849, the year Henry Thoreau secured (at his own expense) publication of his first book, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers,* he had already completed a draft of his second, *Walden,* on which he had actually commenced work in 1846. He had high hopes of getting it at once into print, but the failure of the *Week* prevented his finding a publisher until 1854. Literature was the gainer by his painful frustration. Through these years he labored intensively at revision, enlargement, rearrangement, tinkering, so that what might have been merely an eccentric production emerged as an intricate, complex, highly organized masterpiece.

Now that the Huntington Library has made available the manuscript pages that survived this spectacular operation, Mr. Shanley has studied in minute detail the progression from the first sustained manuscript of 1849 through the six succeeding recensions to the ultimate form, the eighth, which is the text we know.

Only the most infatuated Thoreauvians will have the patience to follow Mr. Shanley's unrelenting tabulation of what was added paragraph by paragraph, what was transported from here to there, what particles were spliced into passages. At some points even Mr. Shanley must confess that the intricacies of Thoreau's solitary chess game defy description. However, he spells out enough of them, and highlights the more dramatic, for us to be fully persuaded that *Walden,* far from being what for decades it was thought to be—the spontaneous warbling of a naturalist's wood-notes—is an articulated fabrication from one of the most self-conscious writers in our literature.

Most of Thoreau's contemporaries held him to be at best a rustic parody of Emerson. If after Thoreau's death any memory of him survived such sneers as Lowell's advice that he cease stealing his neighbor's apples, it was because lovers of "Nature" took him over. With fragments of his *Journal* appearing in the 1880's, and then with the full fourteen volumes in 1906, the image of the "poet-naturalist" seemed irrevocably fixed. Thoreau was ticketed as a minor Transcendentalist.

BY DEGREES this image was displaced by, or subordinated to, that of the "critic of society." In such estimates as, for instance, Parrington's, "Civil Disobedience" and "Life Without Principle" loomed larger than *Walden,* except in so far

as the book seemed basically an attack on the business culture. Thoreau the fiery apologist for John Brown blotted out the Thoreau of verses like "Smoke" and "Sympathy."

No doubt Thoreau the anarchistic individualist who went (once) to jail (overnight) for refusing to pay his poll tax and who declared that a man could not without disgrace be associated with the American government of his day has been and remains a spiritual solace to many anguished by certain tendencies in our society.

Some might murmur that, however stirring, "Civil Disobedience" offers no viable political program in an urbanized and industrial era, in a time of the draft and Federal taxation; these might also note that Thoreau had the privilege of being a squatter on Emerson's land beside Walden Pond and commenced his experiment by borrowing Alcott's ax. But these cavils were drowned out in the ecstatic self-gratification experienced by devotees who never remotely contemplated removing to an unheated hut and who regularly filled out Form 1040.

It has taken much hard work, such as Mr. Shanley's, and much rigorous criticism to bring even partially into general recognition that Thoreau was no more primarily a political economist than he was a naturalist. For reasons that remain psychologically obscure, this peculiar Yankee, his personality somehow grievously warped—in some respects providentially mutilated—set himself very early in his single-minded career to a vindication of his ego through demonic determination to transform himself into a writer, and nothing but a writer.

"I should not talk so much about myself if there were anybody else whom I knew as well." This sentence, in the opening of *Walden,* has been tediously cited as an instance of his arch humor, of his New England dryness concealing but only half concealing his humanity. What now we begin to realize is that it declares a deadly resolution never, under any circumstances, to let Henry Thoreau know anybody else at all—anybody, that is, who could detract from himself. Mr. Shanley sees in his own narrative evidence of Thoreau's "long and untiring pursuit of perfection," which in one sense it is; in another, however, it is an appalling history of egoistical concentration.

ONLY WHEN some glimmering of the savagery of the resolution dawns upon us do we grasp the true inwardness of Thoreau's lifelong struggle to bend nature to the contours of his grandiose conception of himself. Only then do we comprehend that his anarchism was the stance of an artist fanatically determined at all costs to preserve his immunities from life, love, and death. And only then can we appreciate with what intransigent persistence he transformed the first version of *Walden* from a record of experience beside an idyllic pond into, by the eighth telling, a work as imaginative, in fact as purely visionary, as any of William Blake's Prophetic Books. Only then, I suggest, do we get a real insight into what Thoreau the writer is beginning to signify to the tormented sensitivity of today.

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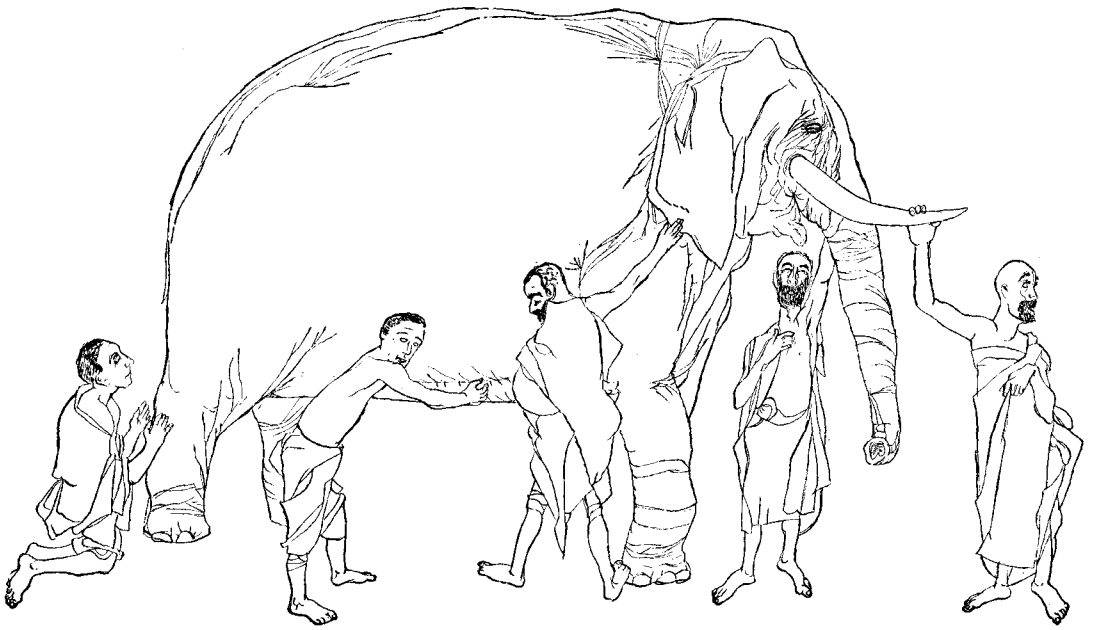

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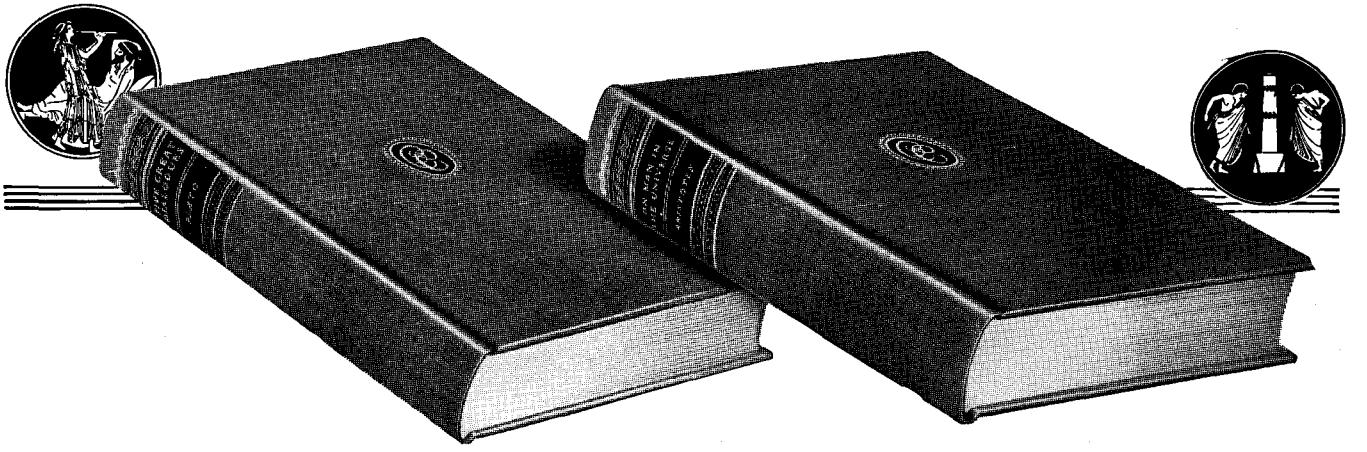

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